

THE POETICAL
WORKS

Of the REVEREND

Mr. JAMES BARBER: K

CONTAINING,

- I. The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or, *The Art of getting Preferment.* A Tale.
- II. The FEMALE SKIRMISH: Or, *The Triple Plea.* A Tale.
- III. The LAW-SUIT: Or, *The Farmer and Fisherman.* A Tale.
- IV. TOM KING'S: Or, *The Paphian Grove: With the Humours of Covent Garden, the Theatre, Gaming-Table, &c.* A Mock-Heroick Poem, in Three Canto's.

Adorn'd with several CUTS adapted to each particular Subject.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TORBUCK, in Clare-Court, Drury-Lane, 1739.

178
4

W O K

Mr. James Barker

I. The Farmer's Daughter: O. 1784

II. The Farmer's Son: O. 1784

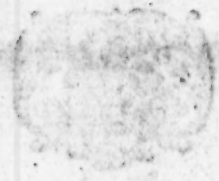
III. The Farmer's Daughter: O. 1784



IV. The Farmer's Son: O. 1784
With the Farmer's Daughter: O. 1784
Room, in Three 2

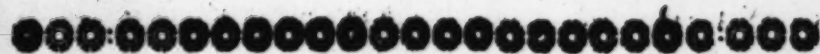
43
7.6
84

There's a little fellow: O. 1784
Richard 2nd



L O W D O W:
Printed for J. Torbuck, in Great-Street, Dorset-
Lane. 1784

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THE
Farmer's Daughter :

OR, THE

A R T

OF GETTING

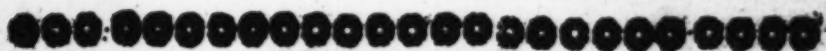
PREFERMMENT.

To which is added; The

FEMALE SKIRMISH:

OR, THE

TRIPPLE PLEA.



.....

THE
Farmer's Daughter:
OR THE

A R T

OF GETTING

PREFERRMENT.

To which is added, The

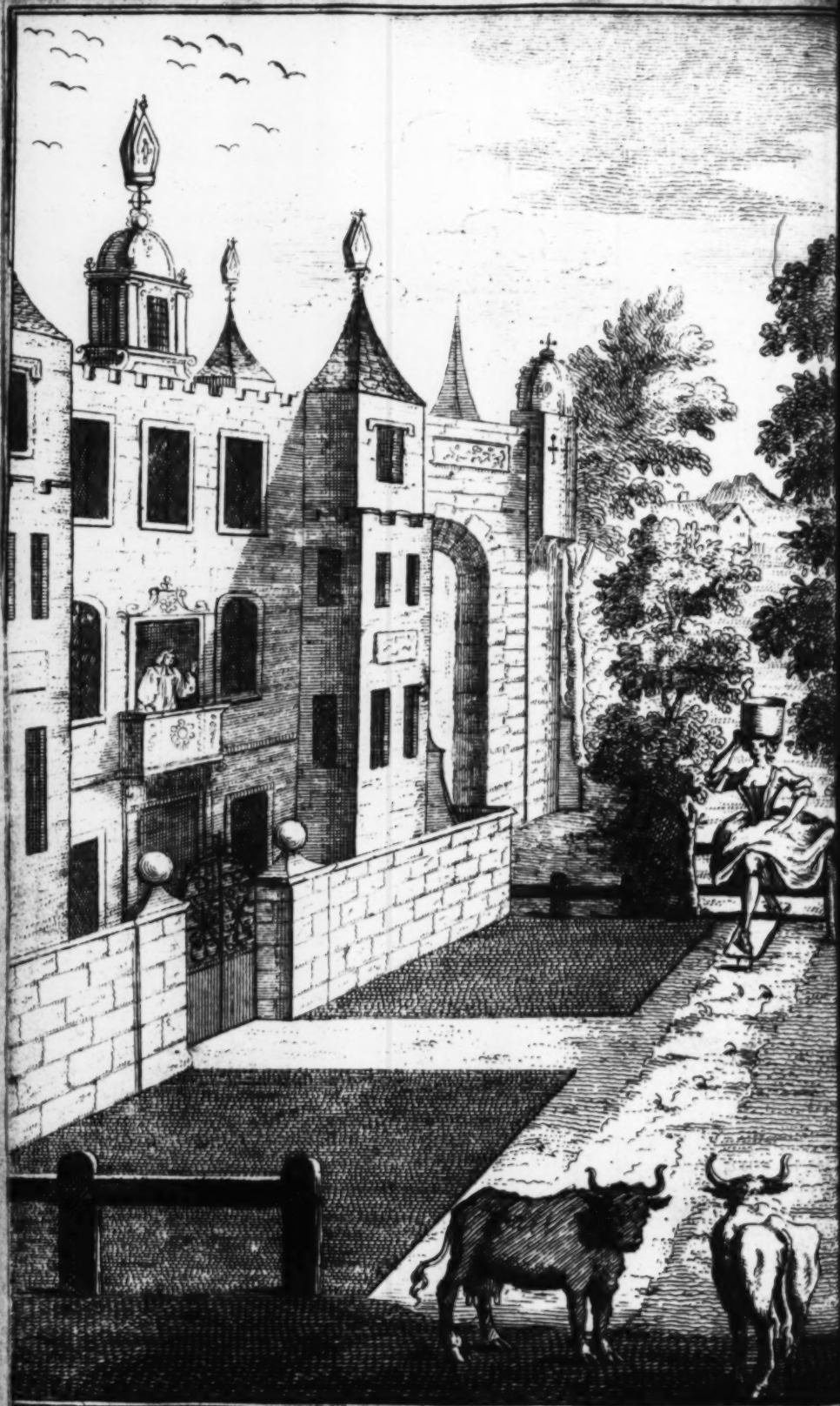
FEMALE SKIRMISH:

OR THE

TRIPPLE PLEA

.....





THE
FARMER'S DAUGHTER :
OR, THE
A R T
OF GETTING
PREFERMENT.

Truth is truest Poesy, God's Lambs will play.

To which is added, The
Female Skirmish :
OR, THE
T R I P P L E P L E A.

Nimium ne crede colori.

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J: TORBUCK in *Clare-court* near
Drury-Lane ; and W: SMITH at Lord Chan-
cellor *Talbot's-Head* near *SERLE's-Gate* *Lin-*
colns-Inn.

THE
FARMER'S DAUGHTER :

OR THE

A R T

OF GETTING

PREPARED.

To which is added, The

Female



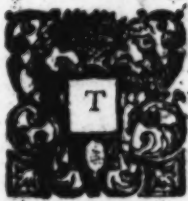
TRIPPLE P L A

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONKIN in Church Lane,
Dorchester; and W. BENTLEY in St. Paul's Church Lane,
London.



THE
FARMER'S DAUGHTER,
OR, THE
A R T
OF GETTING
PREFERMENT.



THEE, sacred * Prophet, I invoke,
Whose Wisdom sav'd from Pagan
Yoke

Great *Israel's* King, and strenuous Hand
Rooted from out the sacred Land
Curs'd *Baal's* Priests, assist my Song,
And lend thy Influence to my young

* *Elijah.*

B

And

2 *The* FARMER'S DAUGHTER: *Or,*

And feeble Muse. Or thou, great * Sage,
Whose Art o'ercame the Dragon's Rage,
And pour'd just Vengeance and Disgrace
On *Bell*, and all his hellish Race
Of wicked Priests, propitious smile,
And cherish with thy sacred Oil
My unfledg'd Pinions, least in vain
I try the wondrous Task t'explain:
To trace the Maze whose wand'ring End
Does to Preferment's Summit tend;
And teach the trembling Youngster how
To smoothe an angry Pr—te's Brow.

Where the deep *Ouse*, with gentle Tide,
Her clear refreshing Streams do glide,
Whose Banks with lofty Turrets grac'd
Where Domes magnificent are plac'd
Which form a Town, to Prospect fair,
Renowned for it's Lordly † Mayor.
Here a Cathedral's Gothick Spires
The wondring Eye with Prospect tires;

* *Daniel.*

† *York.*

Near

The Art of getting Preferment. 3

Near which, upon the sacred Lands,
A splendid Mitred Palace stands.
By whose grand Buildings are outshone
St. James's, or fam'd *Kensington*.
In which an old, thin, meager Priest,
(Right Reverend by Divine Grace)
Batten'd in holy Luxury
And all that Epicures agree
The *Summum Bonum's* of Delight,
Indulg'd his pamper'd Appetite.
No needy Poor, how much distress'd,
Was ever at his Gate carefs'd.
No limping Cripple here you'd see
To ask his Lordship's Charity:
No, all such Wickedness of Course
He deem'd as Sacrilege, or worse:
And those who boldly dar'd intrude,
Were sent to Gaol for being rude:
For why? He prov'd by Right Divine,
That such must either work or pine.
And that God's Blessings only were
The Right of his peculiar Care.

4 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*
The promis'd Land alone decreed
Was only for the chosen Seed;
From hence he said 'twas wond'rous plain,
The Poor were the curs'd Seed of *Cain*.

Strange Morals these to preach, or rather
T' inherit Breast of Rev'rend Father!
But howsoe'er absurd or new
The Text might seem, he prov'd it true,
By Precedent and Precept too.

But when erect in purple Chair
In Minster set; with holy Leer,
No bawdy Chorister's lewd Eye
To ogle was so keen as he.
Not *Eli*'s wicked Sons of Yore
Did half so much admire a Whore,
Tho' they lay with them at Church-door.
Such petty trifling Crimes as these
Might trouble squeamish Consciences;

* 1 Sam. ii. 22.

And

The Art of getting Preferment. 5

And what's a Sin in private Priest,
To sacred Lawn is all a Jest:
For there's a Difference in the Case
Betwixt the Noble and the Base.

King *David* kiss'd *Oriab's* Wife,
Silence you *Hittite*——on your Life.
Suppose his Lordship does as much?
Hift good *Cornelius*——*Tacitus*,
That Cuckold sure must Heav'n adorn
That bears a Mitre on his Horn,
And he's most sure of Happiness,
Whom such a Pilot steers to bliss.
Then pray don't murmur——bless your Fate,
Since holy Leacher's made you great.

Jesting aside——let's see what parts
His Lordship favours for Deserts.

Do any sue unto his Gr—ce
For a fat Living or a Place?

Don't

5 The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,

Don't plead your Merit—Tush, what's that,
A Thing of Nothing —meer Chat Chat.
But send your handsome Wife——don't fear
Beauty has Charms to gain the Ear
Of low'rest Pr—tes. ——— Let her plead
Your Right—My Life, Sir, you succeed.
No Testimonials half so sacred
As good plump W—re, or Maiden-head.
Pimp, Bawd, or Pander, if you'd be t—
Advanc'd to Post of high Degree.
Thus recommended without Pain,
You'll commence Prebend, or a Dean.

But hold — stand off — nor dare advance,
Who sue on other vain pretence.

His Lordship's not at Home to Day,
Or out of Order and can't see ye,
Pray come to morrow—— then be sure
With Gown, starch'd Band, and look's demure,

*¶ Adde aliquod brevis Gyaris & Carere dignum
Suis esse aliquis——*

Juven. Sat.

T'attend

The Art of getting Preferment. 7

T'attend th' inhospitable Gate
And Hat in Hand most humbly wait :
'Till the rude Porter (laucy Lout,)
Tells you his Lordship is gone out.
Or else his Chaplain — (servile Beast)
In Scarf and Silken Callock dress,
Informs you, Sir, that your whole Case
He's truly laid before his Grace;
And that he's very sorry to—
Acquaint you that it will not do.
And if you ask the Fop for why?
Your Testimonials—Sir—Good by.

Observe that Silk-worm, I'll disclose
How he to his Preferment rose.

When first turn'd out of *Be--y* College,
With little Merit and less Knowledge,
The Menial Thing was glad to serve
For forty Pounds a-year, or starve:
Here the demure but pious Chear,
The Basis of his Greatness get,

8 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*

In holy Church on the Lord's Day
None with more Fervor e'er did pray,
Or with more Judgment cou'd explain
The knotty Text---most wondrous plain:
So great his Zeal was, some wou'd tell ye,
He'd got a Demon in his Belly.

And as the *Pythian* Oracle,
Informed by the De---l in Hell,
Wou'd roll its ghastly Eyes, and stare
As if the God inhabit there:
So this same Spark well vers'd was he
In Feats of holy Chicanry.

These Merits in a sound Divine
Mark'd down to Grace were sure to shine,
And recommend the holy Man,
To Favour of Diocesan,
And having gain'd the promis'd Place,
Domestick Chaplain to his Grace,
Th' industrious Youth try'd ev'ry Art
To win his pious Patron's Heart.

He'd

The Art of getting Preferment. 9

He'd learn'd to lie, to cogg, and Flatter,
This Peer to praise, or that bespatter,
Just as it suits his Grace's Will,
To say, or gainsay, Good, or Ill,
His ev'ry Action, and his Word,
Exactly tally'd to his Lord.
Not *Wacchum* to height *Sedrophel*,
More trusty was, or pleas'd to well.
Not Pimp for Bawd, or Bawd for Wh—re.
Cou'd ever flatter, or do more.
Thus by such honest Arts as these,
The Youth his pious Master pleas'd.
For which his Nest's, well feather'd thick,
With livings large Ecclesiastick.

These are the Arts, which once obtain'd
Preferments easily are gain'd.

Whip me the Dunce, who vain pretends
By Learning, for to gain his ends.
Go burn your *Horace*, *Aristotle*,
Or pawn them for that Friend a Bottle.

10 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*
Your *Hugo Grotius; Pearson's Creed,*
Will stand you but in little stead.
No, if you want a Favour fawn,
Cringe to his Porter, court his Groom.
Pimp for his Chaplain, Secretary,
This done — your business Sir — is ready.
You think this base, or mean — agreed,
To him whose's from the Bondage freed.
But those who can't their Freedom gain,
Must be content to hug the Chain,
Still do you boggle? — well go on,
Throw up your business — I have done.
Why shou'd you think it not their due,
T'expect this Courtesie from you?
When for his Lordship humbly they,
Do this, and ten times more each Day.

The Ancient Rule prescrib'd by *Paul,*
Is nothing valu'd now at all.
No Tryal of the Holy Spirit,
But want of Friends, is want of — Merit.
My

The Art of getting Preferment. 11

My Lady Dutchess sends a Letter,
Neither for Sense, or Hand the better,
My Lord, the Bearer's of our Party,
An Honest Fellow, true and hearty ;
Who, last Election for the C—rt,
And good Sir R—d gave his Vote,

These are Credentials such as those,
That our Right Reverend Fathers please :
No *Latin* then, or Heath'nish *Greek*,
You'r ask'd to construe or to speak.
No, Sir, you're qualify'd I know,
Behold her Grace has said you're so :
And She's I'm sure of great discerning,
Of pious Life, and upright Learning.
No silly Trifles of the Stage,
Engage her grave and serious Age ;
But Acts of Parl'aments, grave Laws,
Establish'd in our Country's Cause ;
Which make Trade flourish, *Britain* great,
Deep, solid Mysteries of State ;

12 *The* FARMER'S DAUGHTER: *Or,*

I Freely grant you Sir the Place,
And wish you Joy — God save her Grace.

Though the Petitioner's a Fool,
Ne'er College knew, or yet a School,
Nay, be he Pick-Pocket or Pander,
Renown'd for Blasphemies, or Slander ;
Such Testimonial in a Trice,
Will wash him clean, and dubb him Priest.
But grant your Parts do far outshine,
Renowned *Hammond*, sound Divine ;
Or punning *South*, or *Tillotson*,
Or *Stillington*, or Learned *Brown* * ;
Pleas'd you may think your studious Pain
Large Church Preferments sure will gain,
Be not deceiv'd, 'tis all in vain. }

Had you the Knowledge of *St. Paul*,
T'explain most Mysteries, nay knew all,
With Tongue that never spoke untrue,
And Life most blameless — 'twou'd not do.

* Doctor, Bishop of *Cork*, and Author of the Extent of the
Human Understanding.

Was

The Art of getting Preferment. 13

Was he who all our Suff'rings bore,
T'Descend on Earth, as heretofore,
And our frail Mortal Flesh put on,
Be born again a Virgin's Son,
'Tis dubious if such Innocence,
Wou'd not to his Lordship give Offence.

But hold my Friend you'r hurry'd on,
By your unruly, stand'rous Tongue,
Dare you affirm his Lordship never,
On Men of Merit smiles with favour?
That none but Bauds, and Panders are
The Objects of his miter'd Care?
Z—ds Sir, 'tis false I say — as soon,
I'll believe it snows in sultry *June*.

Pray Sir compose yourself — dont fly,
At what I have said, or start — for why?
I'll make it wond'rous plain to you soon,
As Mid-day Sun, or Mid-night Moon.
Nay, you yourself shall try the Case,
And prove that nought I've said is base.

Wait

14 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*

Wait on his Lordship, and there press
For Orders, or a Benefice;
And, to be sure you won't miscarry
Pray all your proper Tackling carry.

A Testimonial first is ask'd
Of blameless Life for three Years past,
With Presentation to a Vic'rage,
Joyn'd with Certificate of Age,
As for Examination—fough!
You'll cap his Grace, and Chaplain too;
These are your Tools, I own them good,
'Tis well if so they're understood.

At last Election did not you
Poll for Sir *M—s*, your Patron too,
And what of that?—I own 'tis true.
Am I not free to give my Voice
Where Honour calls me to the Choice?
I'll sooner be a Worm, and hide
In Earth, than Freedom be deny'd.

Besides

The Art of getting Preferment. 13

Besides all honest Men, and true,
Voted as I did—and will do.

Enjoy your Sentiments, proceed,
Here's fix to four you don't succeed:
Why not? his Grace to th' other Party
Was Tooth and Nail sincere and hearty,
And firmly is resolv'd that those
Who did his Interest oppose,
He'll persecute with all his Pow'r,
As *Saul* the Christians heretofore;
Therefore 'tis requisite the Man
Who courts his Grace turn Cat-in-pan.
Now, Sir, your Sentiments——what I
Part with my Principles? I'll die,
Be banish'd to the *Great Mogul*,
Or tugg an Oar, or break my Scull;
Turn Small-coat-man, or drive a Dray,
Than Conscience Dictates not obey.
You're at your Liberty I own,
But cease Pretensions to the Gown.

Sooner

16 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER.* *Or,*

Sooner the Longitude you'll gain,
Or Nor-West Passage o'er the Main,
Or find the Phænix's spicy Nest.
Than for these Tenets be care's'd:

Now what d'ye think on't? Sir, I own
'Tis wondrous strange—but I have done.

No, if you'll be conspicuous seen,
Read Mother **Bedell*—or **Grace Green*.
These Heroines will teach you how
To smoothe his Grace's angry Brow,
Please his Ill-Nature, gain his Love,
And pliant make him as a Glove,

I see you're chaf'd, pray, Sir, forbear,
'Tis common, and what all must bear
That court his Lordship, without doubt,
Preferments are not got without.
What's to be done you cry, or how
Like Man of Honour must you do?

* Two Notorious Bawds.

Truce

The Art of getting Preferment. 17

Truce with your Spleen a while, and Spight
Th' ensuing Tale will set you right.

Near to his Gr—'s Palace stood,
Umbrellow'd by a Neighbouring Wood.
A lonely Farm in which did dwell,
Old Gaffer Hob, and his Wife Nell.
Here with content the homely Pair,
Enjoy'd the Fruits of constant care.
He daily Thresh'd, or held the Plough.
She Night and Morning milk'd her Cow.
Thus chearful and contented they,
Ne're fear'd th' approaching Quarter-day;
But for the use of House and Grounds
Paid annual Tribute twenty Pound.
In Parish Offices he'd been.
Serv'd Overseer, and Church-Warden.
And none so constant or so true;
Paid Priest his Tithes when they were due.

Nell's wooden Bowls in order plac'd,
With decent cleanliness were grac'd;

D

Her

18 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*

Her Table plentifully strew'd,
With rustick dainties neat and good.
Here cleanliness with Peace consented,
That Hob and Nell might live contented.
Besides those Blessings they were sped,
In comforts of the Nuptial bed.
A lusty Boy they had call'd *Numps*,
Some what thick headed, quite a Dunce.
But his fair Sister's Charms divine,
With Lustre unadorn'd did Shine.

Our Farmer being something proud,
T'advance his hopeful Heir thought good,
Sent him to Pedagogue, to hammer
Tough Nouns, and Pronouns, and learn
Grammar.

Here the dull Dolt with aking Head
And small Improvement, nine years read;
At last grown Man (though Child in know-
ledge)

They send the Bumkin to *Queen's College*,
For

The Art of getting Preferment. 19

For Gaffer Hob had often said
He thought a Parson a good Trade.
For with small Trouble, and less Pains,
They reap the Fruits of others gains.
Therefore he firmly did protest,
That his Son Hob shou'd be a Priest.
Observe the Booby in a Gown,
Can any place reform a Clown?
No there's no striving 'gainst the grain
So *Numps* a *Numps* will 'ere remain.

Behold how vain it is t'aspire,
To gain what Nature don't desire.
Or try by rules of Art refin'd,
To cultivate a barren Mind!
No cunning Artists skill can boast
A Hermes out of such a Post.*
No, we experience to our cost
Where Nature is not, Art is lost.

* *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius.*

20 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER; Or,*

But as a Beast in Quagmire bound,
Sinks but the deeper in the Ground
The more he plunges, so our Blade,
Tho' Son of *Alma Mater* made ;
The more be ploded after Sense,
The deeper sunk in Ignorance.
'Till fully known by Parts confest,
He's ev'ry sneering Fresh-Man's Jest,
Let's leave him there to College Ale,
And back return to close my Tale.

His Sister, bright *Lucinda*, shone,
Full in the Bloom of Twenty one ;
With Skin as white as Mountain Snow,
And Eyes much blacker than a Sloe ;
Round cherry Cheeks, and coal black Hair
And Ruby Lips that wou'd ensnare,
Ev'n *Jove* himself, had he been there.
Each wealthy Farmer's Son with pride,
Court'd *Lucinda* for his Bride,
The Fair to each her Love denied,

Thus

The Art of getting Preferment. 21

Thus the coy Nymph, triumphant reigns,
The *Venus* of th' enamour'd Swains;

When lo! his Grace with lustful Eyes,
The Maid to milking going spies ;
From Study Window, as the Fair,
Was stradling with a careless Air;
O're a high Stile, th' enamour'd Post,
Embrac'd her Petticoats so close ;
That fairly was expos'd to view,
Her taper Legs, and Stockings blue ;
Nay, some have gone so far to say,
Love's sacred Temple saw the Day,
The little God enrag'd arose,
And vow'd Revenge against his Foes.
What Impious Mortal dares presume,
To look into my hallow'd Dome ?
Or with his sacreligious Eye,
Into my Holy Grotto spie ?
I'll make him know my solemn Rights,
Too sacred are for Mortal Wights ;

This

22 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER* : Or,

This said, he straightway wings a Dart,
Which hiss'd in th'frozen Prelate's Heart ;
The fatal Arrow on whose Head,
No Gold was seen, but pond'rous Lead * ;
He burns, he raves, his Eye balls rowl,
Sweet Sleep is banish'd from his Soul ;
What's to be done? he seeks to cheat,
His Smart from Texts of Holy Writ ;
Nor Sacred Books, nor Books Prophane,
Do ought avail to ease his Pain.
Not *Herc'les* in the Poison'd Gore,
E're rag'd so much, or suffer'd more,
So *Israel's* King with Love perplex'd,
The beauteous *Hittite's* Wife distress'd ;
But by his Art he soon os'rcame,
His vanquish'd Love, and clasp'd the Dame.

A lucky Hint this to our Priest,
And much it eas'd his Love sick Breast ;

* *Eque Sigitifera promissit duo tela phœretra
Diversorum Operum, fugat hoc, facit illud Amorem
Quod facit auratum est, & Cuspide fulget acuta :
Quod fugat ; obtusum est, & habet sub arundine plumbum.*

Ovid Met.

He

The Art of getting Preferment. 23

He rings the Silver Bell—in Haste,
His ready Chaplain flies—did your Grace,
Not call? — my Lord, if that you have
Any commands — enjoyn your Slave.
His G—ce with sobbing Heart replies,
The Tears just trickling from his Eyes;
Set down, my Son, to you I can,
Impart what grieves my inward Man;
For much I am disturb'd I fear,
Beyond what Mortal Weight can bear;
This said he sigh'd, and smote his Breast,
And hung his Head, with Grief oppress'd.
Forbear My L—d! Oh Heav'ns forbear,
To plunge yourself in wild Despair;
Your mournful Chaplain begs to know,
The Cause of this ungovern'd Woe;
That I may fly to bring Relief,
To ease your Pangs, or share your Grief;
Thus urg'd he fetch'd a Solemn Groan,
And cry'd forbear, forbear my Son;
Nor seek to know the Mournful Cause,
Of these my most distracting Woes.

But

24 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*

But if you will — our Neighbour Hob
Has a fair Daughter — here a Sob,
High swelling choak'd his labring breast,
I can no more — pray guess the rest.
This said the Tears ran down a pace,
Which wip'd from off his reverend Face,
He thus proceeds. ———

My sad Misfortune proves, alas!
That Man is frail and Flesh is Grass.
But e'en the Man after God's own Heart,
Bow'd to the Sting of *Cupid's* Dart,
He who the great *Goliath* fought,
And by the Blessed Spirit thought,
Judg'd it no Crime to be misled,
And take another's Wife t' his Bed:
And least her good Man shou'd intrude,
(For Cuckolds oftentimes are rude)
Obsequious *Joab* to prevent foul play,
Took care to move him out o'th way:
For which he's noted on Record,
A Servant faithful to his Lord.

Which

The Art of getting Preferment. 25

With that he took the sacred Page,
And read it over — wond'rous Sage.

And is this all his Chaplain cries,
That fills with Tears your Lordship's Eyes;
Chear up, and banish anxious Care,
I'll gain your wishes never fear;
Nay, was she as *Lucretia* coy,
I'd bring you to your wish'd for Joy;
No more let grief torment your Breast,
Your Grace shall taste the wish'd-for Feast
Besides your Lordship's often found,
My Skill in Love Intrigues profound;
And much it does rejoyce my Heart,
That to oblige you I am part;
And if great * *David*, *Israel's* King,
Cou'd swallow such a monstrous Sin;
As gross Adultery joyn'd with Murther,
What Cause have we to make a Pother?
To which your simple Fornication,
Bears no resemblance, or Relation.

* 2 Sam. ii

E

Then.

26 *The* FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,

Then why shou'd you refuse to do,
What Holy Scripture prompts you to?
But give your Blessing to your Son,
I fly with Haste — your Slave — I'm gone.

Who can refrain from Sacred Rage,
To see, to Jest the Holy Page
And God's own Dictates true, and just,
Turn Pander to a Prelate's Lust.

Truee with Reflections — cast your Eye
Upon our Farmer's Family.

The Priest arrives, with Courtly Air,
Greets *Hob* and *Nell*, and Daughter fair;
The Honest Ploughman wondring stands,
With aukward Bows, and Hat in's Hands;
And much he is perplex'd to know,
What hither brought this Reverend Beau;
When thus their Guest — I own 'tis rude,
That I unsent for thus intrude;

Good

The Art of getting Preferment. 27

Good Manners blames, but Friendship's
Laws,

Ne'er boggles at such trifling Flaws;
In this same Visit I intend
No other view, no other end.
But to serve your Family—— with that,
Hob made a Leg, — and doff'd his Hat.

His Grace you know, a Man as true,
As ever stept, or trod in Shoe,
Having often heard how you with care,
Train up your Children in God's fear:
And every Sabbath-day that you,
Your Spouse and fair *Lucinda* too,
Are at the Church more constant seen,
Than all your Neighbours on the Green,
From hence his Lordship is inclin'd,
To serve you with a willing Mind:
And sends by me, to let you know,
That his Intention it is so.
And as an Instance does propose,
Your Daughter for to keep his House.

28 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*

Blushing *Lucinda*, harmless Maid,
Look'd like *Aurora* through the Glade:
Or opening Bud of sweetest Rose,
Before the Sun his Beams disclose;

Long may you live her Mother cries,
May Joys incircling Joys arise;
To make you happy, bless'd the God,
Who brought you to our poor Abode;
And may his Lordship never know,
Rheumatick Pang, or Gouty Toe.
My Daughter shall attend his Grace,
And many Thanks for the good Place,

The Chaplain having play'd his Part,
Was taking Leave for to depart;
When honest *Hob* laid hold on's Fist,
And swore 'fore *George*, 'twas much amiss;
No parting, says he, from this Place,
Without a Bumper to his Grace.
With that the Nut-brown Can they crown,
With Nappy Ale of Amber brown,

And

The Art of getting Preferment. 29

And cleanly *Nell*, to shew her Breeding,
Drank to her Daughter's good Proceeding;
To-Morrow Morning at the Hall,
Exact at Ten, *Lucin'* shall call.

Hob toasts his Grace; the Priest (no doubt)
Toasts *Hob*, and *Nell* till all is out ;
The Liquor drank the Reverend Beau,
Made a low Bow, and bid Adieu.
The honest Farmer it is said,
For Joy, that Night, went drunk to Bed.

But now *Aurora* rears her Horn,
And spreads abroad the blushing Morn ;
The Fowls from Roost, the Piggs from Stye,
Declare the approaching Day is nigh.

Industrious *Nell* leaves downy Ease,
To serve her Piggs, and feed her Geese;
Then calls her Daughter, rise my Dear
And for the Happy Day prepare,

From

38 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*

From whose most glorious Influence,
Your Bliss and Grandeur will commence;
The Willing Maid the Tydings please,
And rises from her Bed of Ease;
No Lilly half so fair was seen,
On Mossy Bank of Meadow Green.

The busy Mother trys with Care,
T'adorn her lovely Daughter fair;
And courts each little Art of Dress,
T'add to her Native Prettiness;

The round Ear'd Coif with Edging lac'd,
Her Head, and shining black Hair grac'd;
Love's Armor next her Bodice neat,
Encas'd her slender Waist compleat;
Over whose Brink appear'd to sight,
Round heaving Bubbies milky white;
Her silken Gown of Azure Blue,
Next o'er her lovely Shoulders flew;
Which clung about her taper Waist,
With Silver Girdle, closely brac'd:

Her

The Art of getting Preferment. 31

Her Silken Stockings arn't forgot,
With Garters ty'd in True Love's Knot;

And thus adorn'd compleatly gay,
Like *Flora*, Goddess, Queen of *May*;
Not chaste *Diana* from the Chase,
Nor *Venus* with her *Cestus* grac'd:
Did half so charming seem or bright,
As fair *Lucinda*, neat and tight;

Each Charm adjusted to its Place;
The Nymph prepares to see his Grace.

Her Lilly Right Hand close embrac'd,
A Basket with *John Apples* grac'd;
Her Left bound up in Napkin tight,
Contain'd a sucking Pigg, Milk white;
These Presents with an honest Heart;
The Farmer and his Wife impart;
T'his Lordship, then her Mother cries
My advice is early, Child arise.

32 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*

And say your Pray'rs, this done obey
His Grace in all you do or say.

For he good Man (I'm sure of this)
Will Guide you in the Paths of Bliss.

But as it is full Time don't stay
And idely trifle Time away.

Lucinda then they both salute,
Bid her take care of Pigg and Fruit:

On Sunday next your *Dad*, and I
Will come and see you pray don't cry.

Round Mamma's Neck the Damsel flew,
With Eyes involv'd in pearly Dew;

And sobbing scarce can say ——— Adieu. }

As righteous *Abram* did not spare,
To offer up his only Heir;
In due Obedience to his God,
So here our harmless Pair thought good;
By Holy Leacher's Craft beguil'd,
To sacrifice their Darling Child.

Behold

The Art of getting Preferment. 33

Behold the Innocent does wait,
For Entrance at the Palace Gate ;
His Lordship from the Window spies,
And views all o'er with eager Eyes :
Her Angel Form, with Pleasure then
mil'd like grim *Plato* in his Den ;
Admittance gain'd she's sure to be,
Well us'd as *Nun* in Monastery :
Here Innocence and Beauty must,
Fall Sacrifice to Age and Lust ;
What follow'd next my modest Muse,
The Tale most lustfull does refuse.

The Reverend Leacher now content,
Charms her with ev'ry Blandishment ;
Gold-Watch, Brocades, and Diamond-Rings,
Rich Lace, fine Hollands — all gay Things ;
With Coach and Six, Chariot and Pair,
And easy Pad to take the Air :
Rewarded thus, *Lucinda* thought,
Her Maiden Rose not meanly bought ;

F

And

34 *The FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Or,*

And thus contented don't bemoan,
Her Innocence, and Virtue flown.

Thus two Years past in Wickedness;
And pompous Garments Daily dress'd;
It happen'd that her Parish-Priest,
To Heav'n resign'd his Soul to rest;
(For we experience ev'ry Day,
That Priests, like other Men are Clay)

When lo a Letter does appear,
From Brother *Namps* to Sister dear;
Informing that the Presentation,
Of vacant Church, is the Donation
Of his Grace, and humbly begs that he,
The Vicar of the same might be;
Of which he says he makes no doubt,
If Sister wou'd but bring't about.

The Kind *Lucinda* streight obeys.
The Letter, and his Lordship prays

On

The Art of getting Preferment. 35

On bended Knees, and pleading Eyes,
To grant the Boon, or she'd not rise;
What e'er it be the Prelate cries,
Rise, fair *Lucinda*, Charmer rise.
What e'er you ask, with Pleasure I
Will freely give, who can't deny,

This said, she stroak'd his grizly Face,
Long Life she cries attend your Grace;
The vacant Vicarage I claim,
That Brother *Numps* enjoy the same
Thus yeilded was to Beauty's Pow'r,
What long was promis'd to another,

An Answer streight to *Numps* was sent,
Which fill'd the Booby with Content;
And down he comes without Degree,
Shame of the University;
And without Trouble interrupted,
To Eightscore Pounds a Year inducted.

36 *The* FARMER'S DAUGHTER: *Or,*

Here view the Dunc each Sabbath-Day,
Divinely preach, devoutly pray ;
His yawning Flock with Grief oppress'd,
By holy Drone, lull'd fast to Rest;
With sacred Rage, whilst honest *Numps*,
The Dust from clumsy Cushion thumps ;
For which the Farmers freely pay,
Tithe Pigg and Capons ev'ry Day :
Whilst honest *Hob* and *Nell* adore,
Their Priested Son, and Daughter M—re,



T H E





J. Smith Invent & Sculp.



THE
FEMALE SKIRMISH:
 OR, THE
TRIPPLE PLEA.



THREE Buxom Dames, of portly
 Size,
 With lusty Limbs, and brawny
 Thighs;

At Mother *B-d-l's* || met of late :
 To argue on this grand Debate,

|| A noted Bagnio in *Spring-Gardens*.

To

38 *The FEMALE SKIRMISH: Or,*

To know on whom the Sea-born Goddess,
The greatest Charm bestow'd for C—is.

Nigrela first, supreme in Age,
A Dame of Aspect, mild and sage;
Full thirty Years renown'd for Love,
A Priestess of the Paphian Grove;
Enrag'd, in Haste, with lift up Cloaths,
Love's sacred Temple did disclose;
Yield, Sisters, to me yield, she cries,
My Milk-white Belly, Snow-white Thighs,
Demand the Prize, this Mount of Love
Well bush'd, like *Cytherea's* Grove;
Besides this Mole with comely Grace,
Adds a fresh Lustre to the Place:
Such circling Hairs as black as Jet,
No *Æthiop's* Dame cou'd e'er show yet;
The Palm is mine, alone by Right,
Of sable Charms divinely bright.

Venus.

Albana

Albana next, a sprightly Dame,
 Flush'd with the Vigour, Life and Flame
 Of Twenty-two, whose Eyes so bright;
 Soft Lips, round Bubbies, Milky-white,
 To Sin might tempt an *Anchorite*;
 Not *Cleopatra*, *Egypt's* Queen,
 With Charms superior e'er was seen.
 Nor *Helen* fairest of fair Faces,
 More Beauties number'd, or more Graces;
 Compleatly arm'd thus *Cap a pie*,
 With *Cupid's* whole Artillery;
 Th' Ambitious Fair, with scornful Lear,
 Thus spoke, *Nigrela*, I declare,
 The Strife would seem most wondrous odd,
 Betwixt a D——l and a God:
 Nor is it less absurd to Sight,
 That Sooty Black and radiant White;
 Shou'd be in Competition right,

But as I've heard the Dusky Crow,
 To Beauty wo'nt her Claim foregoe;

That

40 *The FEMALE SKIRMISH : Or,*

That 'mong the Feather'd Progeny,
The fairest Bird, by far is she ;
Thus with the same Ambition you,
Do boast your Charms of fable Hue.

Then cease Contention and the Jangle,
For small it boots you thus to wrangle ;
As soon will Day be turn'd to Night,
As Black be valu'd more than White,

But as no Arguments can be
Proof against Woman's Vanity
Let Demonstration then prevail,
To prove my Right (and close my Tale)

With that her Silken Petticoat,
And Hoop, and Holland Smock pull'd up,
To open View she did disclose,
A *THING* more fragrant than a Rose
More pleasant than *Apollo's* Lute,
To taste than the *Hesperian* Fruit :

And

And all around the sacred Place,
 With Silver curling Hairs was grac'd ;
 Hairs did I say ! (forgive me *Jove*)
 'Twas rather Down from *Venus*' Dove ;
 She clapp'd her Lilly Hand upon't,
 And gently touch'd its Rosy Font ;
 That Font from whose prolifick Sluice,
 Stream Floods of Soul-reviving Juice.

Yield, Sisters, yield says she, agree,
 The Prize is only due to me ;
 This Colour pleases mighty *Jove*,
 When he descends to Feats of Love ;
 Pleas'd the white Bull *Europa* bore,
 Enamour'd from the distant Shore ;
 And in a Silver *Swan* was drest,
 When he his dearest *Lydia* prest ;
 Besides, Love's Goddess best approves,
 The Silver Plumes that deck her Doves ;
 The Prize to me then freely own,
 'Tis no Disgrace to be outdone.

G *Flavilla*

42 *The FEMALE SKIRMISH: Or,*

Flavilla all this Time had been
 Silent as W—re at Christening;
 With Head toss'd up in scornful Spight;
 Said truly Ladies, you're in th'right;
 You've pleaded excellent I hold;
 One *TALE* is good 'till t'other's told:
 Nor do I doubt to bring to light
 That you are all mistaken quite;
 And prove that Golden Looks don't lack,
 Of Charms surpassing White or Black:
 And since *Albana* says that *Jove*
 In candid Garments only lov'd,
 This Fallacy convinced is,
 By many other Instances;
 For 'tis well known the Thunderer,
 Descended in a Golden Show'r;
 And only thus was sure to be,
 Acceptable to *Danae*:
 That Gods this favourite Colour wear,
 Witness *Apollo's* Golden Hair;
 What need I to the Heavens fly,
 To prove what few will dare deny?

The TRIPPLE PLEA. ACT 43.

All Histories of our Isle confess,
The Golden Locks of good Queen *Bess*;
The Belles at Court did then appear,
In waving Curls of Yellow Hair;
Besides in me with Glory's seen,
The Rosy Bloom of ripe Fifteen
Then cease your Contest, 'tis in vain,
To strive for what you can't obtain.

As soon the Miser will give o'er,
His darling Gold, for Silver Oar :
As soon the Jeweller delight,
In Coal, before the Diamond bright ;
Sooner a Star the Sun outshine,
Than I this Contest will resign,
This said, with Arms a Kimbo set,
With Fingers snapt, and scornful spet ;
And blear'd out Tongue; Hence, Bunters,
hence,
She cry'd, and boast your vain Pretence.

44 *The FEMALE SKIRMISH: Or,*

Behold the sad Effects of Pride,
What Woman ever cou'd abide
To have her Charms expos'd to Scorn,
And not the mighty Wrong return?

Relate my Muse the dire Effect,
Of this too impious Disrespect,

Alecto tofs'd on high her Flame,
And Frenzy fir'd each furious Dame;
Hussey, says they, you saucy Minxs,
We'll make you rue your Impudence.
Cruel *Albana* seiz'd the Fair,
With Hands involv'd in Golden Hair;
And from her Head her Brussels tore
With Skin and all, the Purple Gore,
Stream'd down her back, and ting'd the floor.
Nigrela too with eager Haste,
Had torn her Gown below her Waist:

Pil.

Pilgrim, Mantel, Apron and all,
The Victims of her Rage did fall ;
What can the poor *Flavilla* do,
Or *Hercules* himself 'gainst two? *
Help—help—the wounded Nymph does cry,
Help—Murder—Murder—I shall die :
The Sound ill-boding, eccho'd soon,
And strait was heard from Room to Room,
These dreadful Shrieks reach'd Mother *Bedel*,
Whose Looks wou'd fright the D—l in Hell ;
Swift to her Aid she waddels on,
To see what Murder has been done ;
Like Duck in Gutter seeking Food,
Or Dab-Chick wriggling through a Wood ;
At last she arrives, what's this I see !
Oh fatal Sight ! Oh Woe is me !
Forbear my Children, oh forbear,
Like Wolves each other thus to tear !
Oh do not—pray—be quiet—cease,
To vex your pious Mother's Breast ;

* Ne *Hercules* contra duos.

But

46 *The FEMALE SKIRMISH: Or,*

But all in vain the Matron tries,
 T'appease the Quarrel with her Cries ;
 Nor Cries nor Tears do ought avail,
 But still they're at it Tooth and Nail :
 At last with Prayers and Cries quite tir'd,
 The Bawd's with Indignation fir'd,
 Hey-tofs says she, you W—res d'ye know
 To whom you Love and Honour owe ?
 Have you forgot, you dirty Drabs,
 Who cleans'd you from your Filth and Rags,
 And made you Ladies ? Blood and Fire,
 I'll make you do what I require ;
 Or else——The Combatants straightway,
 Obey'd the Bawd, and end the Fray ;
 Come with me Children dear, says she,
 And you shall presently agree ;
 I'll treat you with a flowing Bowl,
 Of gen'rous Punch, 'twill warm the Soul ;
 Dispell all Vapours, direfull Ire,
 And fill each Girl with am'rous Fire ;
 Thus each obey'd the Pious Dame,
 And Friendly toasted that self-same.

MORAL.

M O R A L.

WHether the black, the white or yellow,
 Is *Cupid's* most adopted Colour;
 I own I will not interpose,
 This grand Arcanum to disclose;
 And fairly leave this great Dispute,
 For learned Leachers to confute;
 To me alone it does suffice,
 That equally all three I prize.
 Contests as small as these have been,
 The Cause of Nations suffering;
 And many thousand *Britons* bled,
 To dye the fatal White Rose Red;
 And Whig and Tory in our Days,
 Have almost lit as great a Blaze:
 Nay Stars and Garters can't agree,
 About their Superiority;
 Tho' all the Difference that's seen,
 In Colour is, Blue, Red, or Green.

F I N I S.

BOOKS just Publish'd.

A Collection of Welsh Travels and Memoirs of Wales, containing I. The Briton describ'd, or a Journey thro' Wales: Being a pleasant Relation of D—n S—t's Journey to that ancient Kingdom, and remarkable Passages that occur'd on the Way. Also many choice Observations and notable Commemorations, concerning the State and Condition, the Nature, Humours, Customs and mighty Actions of that Country and People. II. A Trip to North Wales, by a Barrister of the Inner Temple. III. A Funeral Sermon preach'd by the Parson of Langwillin. IV. Muscipula; or the Welsh Mouse Trap, a Poem. The whole collected by J. T. a mighty Lover of Welsh Travels.

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Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret. Hor.

The Intriguing Milliners and Attorneys Clerks, a Mock Tragedy in two Acts. As it was intended to be acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of ——— with the Lace-Women, a Satire; and Poems on several Occasions.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.



F I W I S

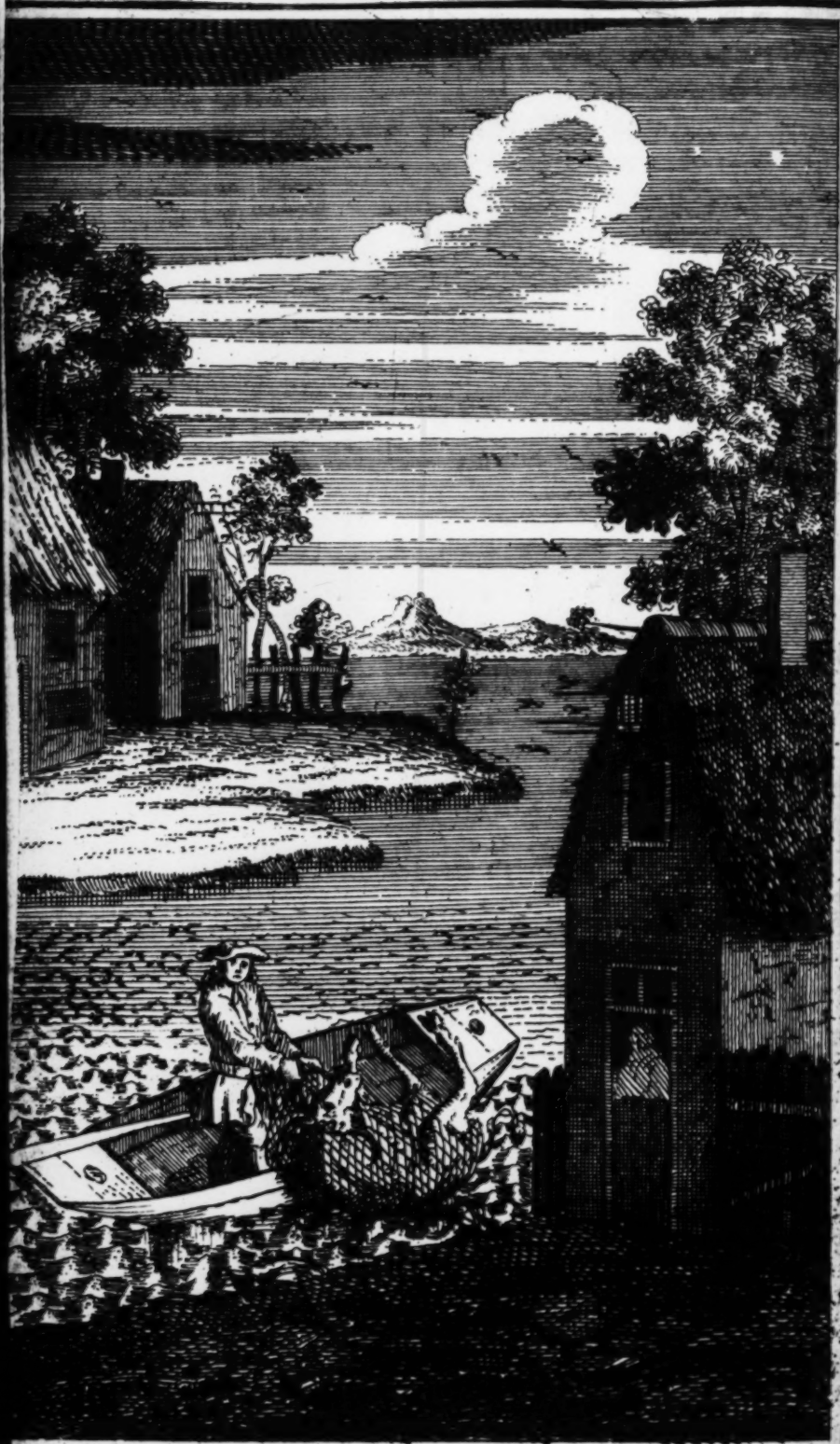
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THE
LAW-SUIT:
 OR, THE
Farmer and Fisherman.

A
 P O E M
 In HUDIBRASTICK VERSE.

CONTAINING,

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. The TRYAL between the
<i>Farmer and Fisherman</i> at a
Country Quarter Session. | IV. The <i>Opinion</i> of their
Council, who advises them
to bring it to <i>Westminster</i> . |
| II. The <i>Chairman's</i> Charge to
the Jury. | V. Proceedings at <i>Westminster</i> . |
| III. Their Removal to the
<i>Affixes</i> . | VI. And the Various Artifices
made Use of in the several
Courts of <i>Judicature</i> . |

Wrote for the Benefit of Unhappy CLIENTS;
 and humbly Inscrib'd to the Gentlemen of
 the *Long Robe*.

The LAWYER, who should Justice recommend,
 He wrongs his Neighbour, and he cheats his Friend.

——— *Sit sine Lite Dies.*

MARG.

The SECOND EDITION Corrected

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. SPAVAN, over against St. Clement's Church
 in the Strand, MDCCXXXIX.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

LAW-SUIT

OR THE

Lawyer and the

P. O. E. M.

In Hudson's River



43.

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85.

7

Wrote for the
and hereby
the Long



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem owes its Birth to a Sign lately hung up at *Amsterdam, which has given no small Pleasure to the Curious.

We are not enquiring whether the Dutchman was a real Sufferer, or whether the Representation was a sally of that Satyrick Humour which is so often seen in Dutch Paintings : But this is very certain ; that if all Englishmen, who have been undone by Law, were to hang out Signs in Imitation of the Hol-

* In *Amsterdam* there is a Sign of the Naked-Man, the reverse of which is a Ragged-one with a Scroll in his Hand, to shew that he has been at Law and cast his Antagonist.

lande

THE PREFACE.

lander, we should see one at almost every Door, and in lieu of Emblematic Figures, they would be obliged to write long and Voluminous Histories.

In Holland a Lawyer's Fee seldom exceeds a Skilling, which may be equal to Seven Pence of our Money; in England, nothing less than Gold can please. In Holland, it is uncommon to see above one Counsel of a Side; with us there are Squadrons, as if Right was to be determined by Numbers. In Holland Suits rarely continue above a few Months; in England they are generally as long liv'd as the Clients, and very often entail'd.

The Author having suffer'd much by the several Tribes of the Law, owns that he has ardently wish'd for some kind opportunity of discharging his Gall upon those Vulturs: Nor can he conclude with any thing more apropos, than the following ingenious Lines, wrote some Years ago upon the Figure of a Negro,
in

THE PREFACE.

in one of the Inns of Chancery, who is supposed by the Poet to have fled from the Cannibals, and to have been thrown by ill Fortune among the Lawyers, where he is placed upon a Pedestall in a mournful Attitude.*

In vain poor **sable** Son of Woe,
Thou seek'st a tender Ear;
In vain thy Eyes with anguish flow,
For Mercy dwells not here.

In vain from **Cannibals** thou'rt fled,
Lawyers worse Quarters give;
'Tis true they'll eat you up when dead,
But these will do't alive.

* *Clement's Inn.*



T H E

The Preface.

in one of the Lines of Chancery, who is
 supposed by the Poet to have had from
 the Cannibals, and to have been thrown
 by all Fortunes among the Lawyers, where
 he is placed upon a Pedestal in a room
 for Attitude.

In vain poor little Son of Woe,
 Thou teach'st a tender Heart
 In vain thy Lines with anguish flow,
 For Mercy dwells not here.
 In vain from Cannibals thou'rt fled,
 Lawyers who's Quarters give;
 'Tis true they'll eat you up when dead,
 But then will do't alive.

Chaucer's Poet.



T H E



Of those who live's Thine way;
 Since kind what's his love,
 Triumphant to her blissful throne;
 And how the world's to see,
 To cut and thrust for ourselves;
 Hence Justice is as blind to guide,
 As Mor-// of her of her place,
 Hence of which (to the place)

THE FARMER AND FISHERMAN.



SINCE Right and Wrong, the
 stated Case,
 Amongst the Noble and the Base,
 Does with its *Dædæan* Wile,
 Our learned Sons of Law beguile;

B

Whose

2 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Whose Labyrinth to wander through
Requires *Ariadne's* Clue ;
The untrack'd Paths to Trav'lers show
Like *Alpine* Mountains cloath'd with Snow :
Not less unsafe the thorny Way
Of those who *Afric's* Thickets stray ;
Since kind *Astræa's* from us flown,
Triumphant to her blissful Throne ;
And left below us Humane Elves
To cut and shuffle for ourselves ;
Hence Justice is as hard to gain,
As Nor-West Passage o'er the Main.
Instead of which (O dire Disgrace!)
A Fiend call'd Mammon takes her Place ;
And rules with a Despotic Care,
The bribed Wranglers of the Bar :
The Hag in ev'ry Pleader reigns,
And spurs them on with Hopes of Gains :

The

The Golden Charm has banish'd hence
That antiquated Word——*Conscience*.
And as the Fiend in Paradise
With Golden Fee did *Eve* intice,
So here the pleading Crew adore her,
From Scarlet Gown to Pettifogger:
Who, richly fee'd, will prove it plain
That Right is Wrong, then Right again.
No Cause so bad, but well-tim'd Pence
Will prove as clear as Innocence.
This whets the Council's Wit t' indite
The Plaintiff or Defendant's Right.
For this pack'd Juries all agree
In wilful corrupt Perjury:
And tho' the Cry is *God and King*,
The Meaning's quite another Thing:
That *Pauper* sure his Cause must lose,
Whom honest *Midas* does oppose.

4 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Strange that the Laws shou'd countenance
What's opposite so much to Sense!
Or what shou'd be the Nation's Good
Be thus quite contrary understood!
Hold Sir! 'tis you mistake the Text,
See these ten Pieces ——— *currat Lex*
A Hundred more, my Lord, and then
Fifty to clear the Jury-Men,
These just Proceedings never miss,
To gain a Cause ——— *probatum est.*

To what Intention, or what End?
You cry does all this Prologue tend?
What farther 'tis I have to show,
Have Patience Friend, and you shall know.

Where

The Farmer and Fisherman. 5

Where the clear **Skell* in wanton play,
Through bubbling Pebbles winds her way;
Upon whose Banks with Herbage green,
The fair †*Ridoginnum* is seen,
Piscator dwelt, a homely Cott,
With Mud, and Reads, and Thatch patch'd up,
His Spouse and him, and Beams contain,
(A poor Retreat from Wind and Rain)
Here with Content the homely Pair,
Enjoy'd the Fruits of constant Care;
He as in Season best thought good,
Caught the Inhabitants o'th' Flood:
Sometimes with trembling Rod and Line,
With Bait delusive Angleing;
The speckel'd Trout he wou'd ensnare,
Drag'd to his Fate by single Hair:

* The Name of a small River in *Yorkshire*.

† *Ridgion* in *Yorkshire* formerly so call'd.

2 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

The various Seasons well he knew,
And at all Times, what Bait wou'd do;
None e'er like him cou'd dubb the Fly,
So like, with nature 'twou'd outvy;
The Scaly Captives never knew
The counterfeited from the true :
Nor did the *Promothean* Art,
So near to Life her Skill impart;
But when wet *Auster's* madid wing
From weeping Clouds did Showers bring,
And the swell'd Stream her Banks o'er-ran
With recent waters not her own;
With stronger Line, and Worm on Hook,
He'd snare the Straglers of the Brook :
Or spear the Salmon i'th' mid-way,
Steering her rapid Course to th' Sea :
Or else with large capacious Net,
Across the rapid Flood being set,

In

The Farmer and Fisherman. 7

In hempen Durance close confin'd
Whole Shoals of scaly Captives bind.
So great the Draught, his loaden Boat,
Scarce with the Burden oft cou'd float;
Which at the Market sold, the Gains
Well paid *Piscator* for his Pains;
Nor idle was his wife, whilst he
Was drudging in his Fishery,
She Daily did her Toil renew
In mending Nets, or making new;
By her the well twist Lines were made,
Expert in all her Spouse's Trade.
Thus with Content the Man and Wife,
Enjoy'd the common Goods of Life;
Nor envy'd in their happy State,
The glaring Grandeur of the Great:
To Lord o'th' Mannor Quarterly,
(Of whom he farm'd the Fishery)

8 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Five Pounds of Money true and good,
(For catching of the Fishy brood)

He paid; for which the Tenant's treat,
A Cup of Ale, and a Receipt,
The Steward freely did afford,
My Landlord's Health -- God bless my Lord.

Just opposite on t'other Side,
Close where the Silver Streams do glide;
Old Farmer *Hobb's* House was seen,
The only Cott upon the Green;
Faustus and Devil ne'er were greater
Than honest Farmer and *Piscator*,
In Friendship's Bands they close were join'd,
And, altho' Neighbours, had one Mind;
No Party Rage dissolv'd the Tye
Of Friendships Knor, from Unity:
But when the Chariot of the Sun
Around our Hemisphere had run,

And

The Farmer and Fisherman. 91

And left the Empire of the Day,
To cool his fiery Beams i'th' Sea,
Our Friends each other would regale,
With pleasing Chat and home-brew'd Ale,
Not the fam'd * *Græcian* Friends of old,
Of whom so many Tales are told,
More loving were, to each so dear,
In honest Friendship most sincere:
So great their Friendship 'tis recited
Their very Wives were close united.

But see the Fate of Human Bliss!
No certain Date there is to this,
As by experience oft we find,
The Mind as wavering as the Wind,
The Sun that now bright glas'd the Main,
Conceals his Head to Wind and Rain.

* *Damon and Pythias.*

C

And

10 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

And where the Stillest Calm before,
Loud Tempests rage, and Billows roar.
Nay if we look the World around,
No certain Peace is lasting found.
This Maxim's taught by *Judah's* King,
And sure he understood the Thing.

Truce with Reflections, old and Stale,
Resume thy Song, and end thy Tale.

When Scorching § *Sirius* sickly Head
O'er all its baleful influence spread,
Whose sultry Heat in all was seen,
T'have drank the Verdure of the Green;
The sickning Flowers, and Grass around,
Had droop'd their Sun-burnt Heads toth'
Ground:

§ The Dog Star.

And

The Farmer and Fisherman. 11

And the clear Stream almost decay'd,

By Beams absorbing shallow made.

Piscator cross the Brook had set

The Salmons Ginn, his Captive Net.

With Cork buoy'd up, oblig'd to swim

On Surface of the Water's brim ;

With pondrous Lead the Bottom bound,

Confin'd it to the ousy Ground.

Lo thus with Art Securely Set,

To catch all Fish that comes to Net,

But whether it did so or no

Have patience Friend, and thou shalt know

Now *Phœbus* in his sultry Way,

Darted his hot Meridian ray.

Hob's Cow who on the other side,

Had graz'd the wither'd Grass, Sun-dryd ;

C 2 Whe-

12 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Whether allur'd by Herbage green,
Which on the distant Bank was seen;
Or parch'd with thirst, || *Brock* thought it
good,

To jump into the cooling Flood.

First drinks her fill, then tries to pass,

To taste the Lux'ry of fresh Grass.

Pleased with the view she stems the Tide

With hasty Strokes to th' other Side:

But O dire Fate! How oft in vain

Do we our flatter'd hopes maintain,

How often are our Wishes crost!

In that which we desire most.

Brock having gain'd the wish'd-for Side,

With Heart elate the Pasture spy'd;

|| The Name of the Cow.

Then

Then tries to land, th' impeding Net,
And Cords, about her Body get;
And as she tries to make the Shore,
Th' Imbrace ill natur'd Plung'd her o'er
Into the Flood; again she tries,
To break the Bands, and strives to rise;
The more she tries at large to get,
The more she's tangl'd in the Net,
She plung'd, and foam'd, and tore and kick'd,
Thus of her dearest hopes being nick'd,
Curs'd Fate says she, to see the Treat!
And be deny'd the Means to eat:
Why are my hopes thus Tantaliz'd?
With that she strove again to rise.
But all in vain, th' Impeding Line,
Reluctant to her wish'd design,
With strongest Band detains her fast,
And kept her from the wish'd repast.

At

14 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

At last quite tir'd, with fruitless pain,
No hopes the promis'd Land to gain;
She made the Neighbouring Vallies ring,
From troubled Breast loud bellowing.

So fares it with th' aspiring Blades,
Who frisk it in St. James's Shades;
Who leave paternal Grounds, and Mansion,
To seek at Court a Place, or Pension;
Which when they think is just at Hand,
Like promises in Fairy Land;
And tho' they strive to swim t' attain,
Shews that their Labour's all in vain:
The Spectre Hope to them does show,
Like verdant Meadow to our Cow;
Th' impeding Net denies the Power
Of reaching to the wish'd for Shoar;

At

The Farmer and Fisherman. 15

At last quite tir'd with fruitless Pain,
Deny'd the long expected gain;
Their Labour paid with nought but trouble
They learn Ambition's but a Bubble;
And that content more Bliss bestows
Than Courtiers promises or vows.

Excuse my Friend far from my Song,
That I to this Digression run.

Piscator heard th' ill boding Low,
And well he knew his Neighbour's Cow.
He thought that *Brock* by some foul play,
Might mired be in Bog or clay,
If such the Case, he made no doubt,
With might and main to pull her out.
So eagerly he flies to know,
Whether it was so or no.

At

16 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

At last he arrives; who can express
 The Tortures that possess'd his Breast,
 When that he saw the plunging Beast,
 Lay in his tatter'd Net oppress'd,
 Mute, motionless at first he Stood,
 Horror, Surprize, benumb'd his Blood,
 Fretting he raves with angry Brow,
 First curs'd his Fate, then damns the Cow
 Cou'd ever honest Fisher-man,
 From *Beersheba* e'en down to *Dan*,
 Shew such curs'd Fortune as I can.
 Oh most unhappy! most forlorn!
 My Nets in Thousand Peices torn,
 So rent, that through it a huge Whale,
 As soon may pass as smallest Eel,
 Besides who knows what store of Trout
 And Salmon this damn'd Job's let out?

THE END

The Farmer and Fisherman. 17

I'll Satisfaction have or die,
Or else I'll know the Reason why;
But first I think it not unfit,
To help the Beast out of the Net:
And bring her Home to Neighbour *Hob*
And well acquaint him with this Job.
This said, he went and brought his Boat,
And close to *Brock* did gently float;
Then with much Pains and straining hard,
The Cow and Net he got on Board,
Strait down the Stream to *Hob's* Farm,
He steers, t'acquaint him of the Harm,
Ho Neighbour—Neighbour! what are ye
dead?
Are all these Volks a gadding fled?
No one at home, to look to th' house,
Nor *Hob*, nor *Bearns*, nor loving Spouse;

D

By

18 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

By th' Mefs I fware 'tis wondrous odd,

I never knew the like 'fore God.

Piscator bawling loud did roar,

Until his Throat was almost fore.

Hob, who that Moment, as they tell ye,

With Pudding filling was his Belly,

At first was deaf, and did not mind

What 'twas his Neighbour wanted kind.

But now he hears *Piscator's* Voice,

And well convinced who it was,

From Beef and Pudding much in Favour,

He flies to complement his Neighbour.

How fares my honest Friend, he said?

What Luck attends the Fishing Trade?

Excel-

The Farmer and Fisherman. 19

Excellent well, replies *Piscator*,
No Fisherman had ever better;
This very Day I'll tell you how
In Salmon Net I caught a Cow.

A Cow, says *Hob*, strange I confess!
You caught a Cow! Lord, Friend, you jest.

Whether I tell a Fallacy,
Step to my Boat and you shall see,
Piscator said.

Thus urg'd, the Farmer went to view
This Prodigy, so strange and new.
But when arriv'd his Wonderment
Was larger yet, when closely pent
In Net involv'd, he saw that how
Securely fetter'd was his Cow.

20 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

This is my Beast, says he, that I
From Calf rear'd in my Family;
Poor *Brock*! let's free her from these Bands
I take this kindly at your Hands,
I'm glad I've found her; by my Life,
I would as soon have lost my Wife.

That well may be, replies *Piscator*,
To me belongs another Matter;
Large Damages for Net you owe,
And Tackling broken by your Cow:
As such I make my just Demand,
And will be paid now out of Hand:
If you deny I'll force you to it,
And with an Action make you rue it.

No Threatning, says the Farmer, Friend,
In what will all this blust'ring end?

By

The Farmer and Fisherman. 213

By what Authority possess'd,
Had you in Net to catch my Beast:
And if that she plung'd heartily,
From unjust Durance to get free,
E'en thank yourself, no Law allows
Your Net to catch your Neighbour's Cows.
Pray take your Action, go to Law;
For that I value not a Straw:
Nor do I fear at all to suffer
By such a *Braggadocio* Huffer.

Huffer, replies the other, Ha!
Am I a Huffer do you say?
Did not I fear the Law's keen Sword,
It down thy false Throat ram that Word;
I'll pull your Heart out, break your Jaws,
And give your Flesh to Crows and Daws.
Have

21 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Have Patience, Friend, the Farmer said,
Of Words so foul I'm not afraid,
Pray do your worst, I value not
The Vapour of a Fool so hot,
E'en go to Law, I prithee do,
And see who first the Cause will rue;
But first my Property I claim,
And, if you dare, retard the same;
Give me my Cow, I'll drive her home,
A Fig for all the Costs to come.

Take her, enrag'd *Piscator* said,
But by St. *Peter* I'll be paid
For all the Damages that's due,
And Hell confound your Cow and you.

This said they parted, *Hob t' his Farm*
The Fisherman, with anger warm,

To

The Farmer and Fisherman. 23

To Counsel goes, and tells him how
His Net was torn by *Hobs's* Cow ;
Relates th' affair that did attend,
From the beginning to the End.
But that his Counsel might be true,
He tipp'd the Golden fee, as due.

Take, says the Lawyer, this from me,
Your Case is plain as *A, B, C.*
As sure as Net did e'er catch *Fish,*
Your Cause is good as heart can wish.
Was it my Case—I'll say no more,
I'd make him pay me o'er and o'er :
Not all his Cows and Sheep to boot,
Should fee me to make up the Suit.
At Quarter-Sessions first indite,
And see if that will set you right :

If

24 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

If not, remove it to th' Affizes,
And have it try'd at * *Hizi Prizes* :
There back and edge I'll be your friend,
And pack the Jury to that End.
Nay, what is more, to make it clear,
I'll whisper 's L—ship in the Ear.
During my Practice, Years now thirty,
I've serv'd my Clients true and hearty.
We'll ring the Scoundrel such a Peal,
Shall make him wish himself 'at Hell.
The Court a Verdict will allow,
For Laceration made by Cow :
And Costs, no doubt, be given you,
To pay your old Net with a new.
You say you farm the Fishery,
And Rent when due pay Quarterly ;

* A Corruption of Law *Latin*, which is *Nisi Prius*.

Who

The Farmer and Fisherman. 25

Who dares then offer to intrude
To hurt your Nets? The Villain rude
As well feloniously might steal
The Fish you catch within your Wheel.
And tho' he'll plead he didn't molest,
But 'twas his Cow—'tis all a Jest,
The Man must answer for his Beast.
First in two Actions we will sue,
For Damages and Trespas too:
So says the Law—now Sir do you
Just what your Fancy leads you to;
Either allow this Usage base,
Or rather Man-like try the Case.
What, put it up! rep'ies *Piscator*!
Tho' than Sir *Robert* he was greater,
Of this if e'er I mean or think,
Pray *Jove* my Fishing-boat may sink:
My Line ne'er hold the struggling Trout,
Nor Rod have strength to pull her out.

E

The

26 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

The Favour that I beg of you,
Is, Sir, that you'd my Right pursue:
Try all the Law's Artillery,
That I be righted speedily:
So, Sir, your Servant——when you send,
Your Slave will certainly attend:

Well pleas'd *Piscator* trudges home,
And wishes the long Sessions come.

The Time arrives: Behold a Crew
Of Country Justices in View:
The clumsy Bench on which they sat,
Groan'd with the Leaden Load of Fat:
Here Equity dispensed is
By Booby *Ignoramus's*;
And the Law Riddles are decreed
By Wights who scarce can write or read.

Strange!

The Farmer and Fisherman. 27

Strange ! that a Science intricate,
For learned Rabbi's to debate,
Should thus at pleasure be thump'd down
By an illit'rate Country Clown,
Who leaps o'er Law with as much Ease,
As Rooks can fly o'er Tops of Trees.
As Judge supreme a Clown prevails,
Who ne'er read *Littleton* or *Hales*.

Here Justice stands in Effigy,
Quite the Reverse of what thou'd be;
In her Right Hand erect there stood
A Mimic Sword, with Edge of Wood:
Her Left contain'd th' unequal Scale,
Over whose Balance did prevail
A Lump of Lead ; an Emblem small
Of the nice Judgment of the Hall.

E •

Before

28 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Before this learned Tribunal
Piscator did his Neighbour call:
And there his Counsel did relate
The whole affair of Cow and Net:
And magnifies with verbal Grace,
The Justice of his Client's Case,
But Farmer *Hob* with wiser Ken,
Had tamper'd with the Jury-men:
Nay, what is more, to make him sure,
A Pig the Chairman did secure.
Thus having fee'd he never doubted
To have his Enemy non-suited.

The Counsel having justly shown
Piscator's Case, as if his own,
And mov'd the Court most learnedly,
To shew his Client Equity:

Each

The Farmer and Fisherman. 29

Each Party too examin'd was,
To know the Merits of the Cause:
The Rustick Jury all around,
With prick'd-up ears, and heads profound;
Being fully told the Manner how
In Net was caught the Farmer's Cow;
Up rose the Judge from Chair of State,
In which his clumsy Carcass sate,
Being wondrous honest, wondrous wise,
Thus spoke, to ope the Jury's Eyes.

You, Gentlemen, here of the Jury,
The Case is plain I do assure ye,
To you belongs to make an end on't,
Betwixt the Plaintiff and Defendant.
Piscator caught the Farmer's Cow;
All this and more we do allow:

The

30 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

The captive Beast she broke the Net,
This makes the Case the better yet :
Our next Enquiry, without doubt,
Must be, how all this came about?
Why honest *Brock* (as both do say)
Was going (as her usual Way)
To drink, the Beast was innocent,
No doubt, of any wrong intent :
And by Mis-hap (through no Design)
She got within this Fisher's Line.
Now Reason tells us that no Act
Can be accounted vile or black,
That is not in * intention so,
And this experience oft does show.
But put the Case, suppose that we
Were bathing in this Fishery ;

* *Ubi Intentio est bona, Actio non est mala.*

And this same Fellow's Net shou'd dare
To catch and drown us in her Snare,
Wou'd not your Children or your Wife
Arraign the Villain for his Life?
No Judge or Jury, but hereafter
Wou'd find it Murder or Manlaughter;
He shou'd have set a Watch t'his Net,
That in it none but Fishes get:
Had he this Caution us'd, but now
He ne'er had caught his Neighbour's Cow,
All this I think is a plain Case,
As 'tis to prove the Nose on Face;
Therefore I think 'tis nought but Right
That you your Heads shou'd all unite,
And give your Verdict to this Job,
Men just and true for Neighbour *Hob*.
Thus spoke the Judge; then down he set,
The Cushions groan'd beneath his Weight.

The

32 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

The Jury in a little Time,
In one Opinion quickly chime,
And as their Tutor told, their Choice is,
All for Defendant give their Voices :
This wondrous Piece of Justice done,
The Court adjourn'd to dine at † *Sun*.

Enrag'd *Piscator* rav'd, and swore
Was honest Man so us'd before?
And as the Devil ne'er is still
He urg'd him on to future ill.
Next Morn with Heart full Discontent,
For Council, he to *Lites* went;
Relates th'Affair, and begs to know,
If he had Justice done, or no.
Justice my Friend the Lawyer said!
(Don't of your Cause be ought afraid)

† The *Sun Tavern*.

This

This Usage is as far from Justice,
As Honesty is off' from Trustees.
Your Cause has baffled been by *Nizes*,
Remove it to the next Assizes.
You'll win it there (take my Advice)
Or else the D---l's in the Dice.

And say you so! then without Doubt,
'Fore *George* I'll have the other Bout,
Piscator said: Pray Sir agree
T'accept this Guinea for your Fee,
And if you'll manage right my Cause
That I have justice from the Laws;
What farther 'tis that you demand,
I'll freely pay you out of hand.

Well Sir, at Assizes never fear
I'll do your Business to a Hair.

F

Behold

34 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Behold the with'd Affizes come,
Piscator trüd'g'd t' • *Eboracum*.

Whillt Farmer *Hob*, on Wall-Ey'd Mare
Rode gallant (as to †Fortnight Fair)
And that the Cause might just be try'd,
Each Counsel had on either Side ;

Lo here the grand Tribunal set,
The Cause is heard of Cow and Net.

How learn'd the Harrangue of Council
pleading,

With a Detail of the Proceeding :

In *Dalton* learned might appear,

But shall be pals'd in Silence here :

To me it never did belong

To tire my Friend to grace my Song.

† In *York* there is a Fair for Beast every Fortnight.

The Farmer and Fisherman. 35

In short the Court gave Verdict true
Five Pounds for Damages, as due
To Plaintiff Fisherman 'gainst Hob
Defendant, to make up this Job.

See here a different change we find,
And justice wavering like the Wind :
Whilst pleas'd *Piscator* bless'd the Laws,
Thrice happy now he's won his Cause.

What's to be done the Farmer cry'd ?
Another Batt'ry must be try'd.
Did I then at the Sessions Lete
Conquer, at 'Sizes to be beat ?
Pray why shou'd not his Squire's worship
Know as good Law, as does his Lordship
If possible I'll see it out,
I'd give a Crow for t'other Bout ; }

36 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Advice I'll have that's poz, and try it
If Cows or Sheep, or ought can buy it.

This said, to Counsel strait he went,
And told him all his whole Intent,
The Man of Law with serious Look,
(Thought him a *Gudgeon* for his Hook)
Says, Friend, your Case is intricate,
And does require Study great ;
Pray come to-Morrow, in mean while
I'll read upon your Case a while :
The Morrow comes, the Farmer waits
For Entrance at the Lawyer's Gates.
Admittance gain'd----Well Sir says he
You know—with that *Hob* tipt the Fee,
You know, I mean where one's deny'd,
Another Project must be try'd,

From

The Farmer and Fisherman. 37

From hence this Inference arises,
As you've been cast at the Assizes,
My counsel is, if right you love,
You move it to the Courts above.
There if your Case be ne'er so bad,
Good store of Vouchers may be had,
Who for a Fee will swear it true,
That Blue is Green, that Green is Blue.
And if I've any Skill in Fees,
You'll want such Witnesses as these.

Sir, says the Farmer, Right or Wrong,
To me it nothing does belong ;
Gain but my Cause and all is well,
If I employ the Devil in Hell.
I'll sell my flock tho' great reputed,
Sooner than be again Nonsuited

Well

38 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Well says the Lawyer be at ease,
Your Cause I'll move to *Common Pleas*.
There never fear next Term the Jury
Will vote on your Side I'll assure Ye.

Hob at this good Advice well pleas'd,
Went Home and set his Heart at ease,
Fully resolv'd, what wou'd betide,
To *London* Town next Term to ride.
Whilst their two Lawyers with great care
Prepare their Bills for *Westminster*,
Now each had from his Calendar,
Learn'd the ensuing Term was near,
The Litigants prepare for War,
And Journey to the Noisy Bar.

Here *Gothic* Buildings do support,
The formidable Hall and Court.

The Farmer and Fisherman.

39

OF COMMON PLEAS, a Fabric's rear'd,
By Lawyers lov'd, by Clients fear'd.
Here Fools and Knaves each Term repair,
Thin'd with the Diet of Dispair.
Beneath a Hill of Briefs, and Scrolls,
Here ev'ry Morn a Fury howls.
Vain are the Tears, the Orphans cries.
To th' Monster void of Ears, and Eyes.
Call'd CHICANRY, in Modern Stile,
With ruin great, o'ergrown with Spoil,
Pale Want and Famine, like some Ghost,
Stalk here, and weep the Treasure lost;
Infamous Poverty, and Care,
And endless Toil, and lean Dispair,
With black Chagrin, compleat the Part;
The wretched Offspring's of her Art!
Case-Books and Codes the Hag consume,
And Dies to dig another's Tomb :

At

40 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

At ev'ry Meal the Fury eats
Fair Palaces and Country Seats.
The bubbled Suiters oft repine,
Gull'd with superfluous Reams for coin.
As oft as justice turns her Scales,
So oft her Influence prevails:
From Trick to Trick she frequent runs,
And like an Owl the Day Light shuns.
Now Lion like lashing his Sides,
She stalks with frightful fiery Eyes:
Now like a Snake through th' Herbage glides }
The justest Monarch long in vain }
Has strove this *Proteus* to restrain,
Her Claws by *Ta---t* clipt in strength,
With Ink imbru'd, increase in Length.
Ramparts and Dikes of Law, her Foes,
In vain the Invasion do oppose.

With

The Farmer and Fisherman. 41

With creeping Guile she saps the Ground,
Or with high Torrents breaks the Mound.

Thro' various Paths oblique they Draw,
To the fell Market of the Law,
At length they reach the noted Hall,
Where Mercenary Tongues do bawl,
Like Priest in black each Lawyer plies,
And Client serves for Sacrifice.

The Court being gain'd the Judges set,
The Cause is heard of Cow and Net,
But *Hob* as he was tutor'd to,
Hibernian Witnesses had two,
Who swore *Piscator* with design
The Farmer's Cow drove to his Line;
The Day, the Month, they tell, and how,
All this was done to catch the Cow,

42 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

The Law allows it ever was
Two Witnesses to gain a Cause:
The Evidences being plain,
Now nought but Sentence did remain,
To Farmer *Hob*, for abuse of Cow,
Large Costs and Damages they allow.
Thus Perjury with Fraud display'd,
Gull'd **Themis* in the Laws she made.

The Fisherman the Tryal o'er
Like Mad-Man rav'd, and curs'd and swore,
Damns all the Law as Villany,
In countenancing Perjury.

What's to be done he cries, this Job
Has melted all my Gold in Fob;

* The Goddess of Justice

I've not a Souse to pay my Suit,
Must sell my Nets and Boat to boot.
Sooner than I'll give out I'll die,
I'll try it next in EQUITY.
Down to the Country soon he writ,
And sold his Tackle, Boat and Net;
The Coin return'd, he strait does fly
To seek Redress from *Chancery*,
The Farmer who had heard with Pain
The Cause was to be try'd again,
Fully resolv'd to see it out,
What e'er it cost him for the Bout;
Wrote to the North to loving Spouse,
To sell his Sheep, his Corn and Cows.
Long here, and at Expences great,
From Term to Term they baffled wait;
At length their Money being spent,
Their Hearts oppress'd with discontent,

44 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

A Hearing's gain'd ; the Case is stated
Of Cow and Net, before related.

Lord Chancellor this Gorgon Knot

With wond'rous Ease afunder cut :

And tho' the Proteus for a while

Did Justice from her Right beguile,

Yet here his Lordship justly draws

The Merits of the injur'd Cause.

And justly gives his high Decree

To ease *Pisgator's* misery,

That Farmer *Hob* should pay the Debt,

For breaking of his injur'd Net :

With the whole Costs of all the Suit,

And Journey up to Town to boot.

Where can the wretched Farmer fly

To avoid the ensuing Misery ;

In

The Farmer and Fisherman. 45

In Law his Coin was spent before,
Nor knows he where to draw for more;
For want of Friends to give in Bail,
He's sent directly into Jail.
Lo here to want and misery
No distant Hopes of getting free,
Naked, confin'd to Bed of Straw,
He mourns his fate, and damns the Law.

Honest Fisherman Pennyless.

With not a Cross his Soul to bless,
His home-spun Coat in Tatters worn,
With Holes in Shoes and Stockings torn;
His Galligaskins (new last Fair)
Let in the cold and chilling Air:
With twenty Holes in torn Chapeau,
True Emblems of litigious woe;

Trudges

46 *The Farmer and Fisherman.*

Trudges it down with Staff in hand,
With famili'd Eyes, to th' Northern-Land;
In his Left Hand he holds a Scroll,
On which of Damages the Whole,
In Letters large his Council draws,
To shew you that he's won his Cause.



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THE ATTACHE

The Garfield Co.

... ..

in Three O'Clock

NOTICE OF 45-1

Table 1. *Continued*

A letter from Mrs. K. G. and the A. S. Society to each gentleman as they themselves personally reflected on it.

...and the Office of the Secretary.

: K O G M O I



To Mrs. Mary K--g.

Madam,

AS it is usual for most Authors to write Dedications to those from whom they have either receiv'd some singular Favour, or expectation of some future Advantage: so I according to the laudable Example of my Predecessors have done myself the Honour of laying the second Edition of this Poem at your Feet, for both the foregoing reasons: And I am induc'd to believe you will take this Piece into your protection, as being produced under your own Roof; tho' I am so far from imagining that I have drawn every Character to its utmost exactness, that I am fully sensible I am deficient in your own; so great a Task is beyond my Genius, and requires no less a Pen than that of the present inimitable Laureat.

But as I am not ignorant of your kind and forgiving Nature, I persuade myself you will candidly excuse all the Errors of this Piece; and I shall be easy as to the Success of its Sale, since every thing must please that you shall condescend to give a Sanction to.

I might here run into the common Fault of most Authors, and give a long Detail of your Virtues, such as your Modesty, Sobriety, cum multis aliis; but as your Character is well known, such an Encomium wou'd be needless, and I shall content myself with subscribing myself

Madam,

Your most sincere and dutiful Servant.



THE
AUTHOR'S
APOLOGY.

SINCE the Publication of this Poem, it has been objected that some Characters are drawn with too great a Warmth, and that I have deviated from the just Design of Satyr, which should only lash Vice without descending to particular Persons: But I must ask Pardon for dissenting from this Opinion; since it is very evident that to ridicule the Vices of the Place, without glancing at the most noted Gentlemen and Ladies that form this Assembly, can have little or no Tendency to its Reformation: Besides, private Admonition to such Persons is entirely useless, and nothing but so open an Exposition can shame them from these Nocturnal Meetings. It is much to be fear'd that some are to be work'd upon no way; as being entirely regardless of the Censure of Mankind, but of such I think there is no Danger of detrimmenting their Character.

I have no private Antipathy to any Person who may suppose himself to be here satyriz'd; my sole Design being to expose a Place that has flourish'd for some Years, either to the Shame of our Laws or the Scandal of our Magistrates.

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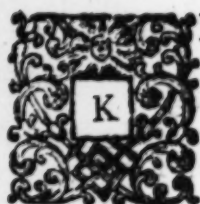
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Tom K---g's :

WITH THE
HUMOURS of *Covent-Garden.*

C A N T O I.



IND *Venus* Goddess of the *Paphian*
Grove, *
Parent of Beauty, charming Queen
of Love ;

Glory of Heaven, and the Thunderer's Pride
In Spight of *Pallas*, and his angry Bride,

* *Paphos*, a City of *Cyprus*, consecrated to *Venus*.

B

Delight

Delight of all, comfort of Sea and Earth,
 From whom all Pleasures take their jovial Birth;
 Whose pleasing Aspect always does inspire,
 Gay Wishes, melting Thoughts, and soft Desire,
 Deign to descend, and let thy billing Doves
 Here wing thy Carr, attended with the Loves
 And Youthful Graces, let thy Visit be,
 No transient, short liv'd Bliss, but long and free.
 Back send thy Airy Coursers, let them ply
 Their little Wings swift o'er the distant Sky
 To thy Cælestial Dome, nor come alone,
 But hither bring thy little darling Son ||.
 Beauty and Love conjoyn'd, shall thus inspire,
 My feeble Muse, with their Cælestial Fire;
 For much it to your God-head does belong,
 With Lays immortal to exalt the Song
 Of thy renowned Court, for Feats of Love
 More fam'd than *Paphos*, or the *Cyprian-Grove*:
 Nor thou, Young * God of Wine, disdain to be
 A kind Assistant of our Company;

|| *Cupid.** *Bacchus.*

At

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 3

But hither come, with the same Joys inspir'd,
As when thy Love the beauteous *Cretan* || fired;
And let thy ancient Tutor † too attend,
With § *Momus*, ever to a Joke a Friend:
Least vainly I, in an unhallow'd Strain,
Thy various Pleasures, various Sports explain:
Inspired thus, I'll nobler Thirsts unfold
Than thy mad *Bacchanalia* ** were of old.

Where a wide Area opens to the Sight
A spacious Plain quadrangularly right,
Whose large Frontiers with Pallifado's bound,
From *Trivia*'s Filth inshrines the hallow'd Ground;
In which *Pomona* keeps her fruitful Court,
And youthful *Flora* with her *Nymphs* resort.
Here constant Verdure, which sweet Odours grace,
Declare a lasting Spring's unalter'd Face;
And ev'ry Herb its Freshness does assume,
To charm the Senses with its sweet Perfume,
Happy *Arabia* here her spicy Fields,
And *Indian* Gums to Scents superior yields:

|| *Ariadne*. † *Silenus*. § The snarling God.

* Feasts of *Bacchus*.

B 2

For

For what's the fragrant Nutmeg to compare
 With Damask Rose, or Lilly snowy fair?
 Or who but on the Tulip sure must doat,
 Cloath'd in her gay and particolour'd Coat?
 With many more of the enamel'd Train,
 Which to repeat would make the Labour vain,

But see *Pomona*, with her copious Horn,
 The fragrant Grove with choicest Fruits adorn:
 Here the John-Apple with its ruddy Face,
 From cleanly Basket does invite the Taste;
 Nor is the Golden-Pippin least in Fame,
 Which from a * *Gallick* King derives its Name,
 Nor does the downy Peach less luscious prove,
 Whose fragrant Smell attracts the Taste to Love.
 The crimson Cherry and the mellow Pear,
 All charming join our Palates to ensnare.

Th' *Hesperides* *, for Golden Fruit renown'd,
 And watchful Dragon that secur'd the Ground,

* *Pippin*, the Name of a *French* King.

† Gardens and Orchards in *Africk* that bore Golden Fruit which
 was kept by a watchful Dragon.

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 5

Not half so charming seem'd, or could invite,
With equal Gust, the luscious Appetite.
Not that fam'd Apple whose bewitching Smile
To taste forbidden did our Dam beguile,
Was half so beautiful ; for then no Need
The Serpent had t' invent the false Intrigue,
'Twou'd been sufficient to his grand Design
T' have shewn the Tree on which such Fruit did shine,
The Sight alone had charm'd them to rebel,
Tho' Heav'n inrag'd had sent them quick to Hell.

Thrice happy those who walk these blessed Shades,
Nor Fiery Dragon here your Wish invades ;
No angry Angel's flaming Sword affrights,
From the fair Fruit that charms your Appetites ;
Each freely eats, what each his Wish invites. }
Whilst cleanly Nymphs of kind *Pomona's* Train,
With pleasing Voices do contest to gain
Your wish'd for Custom, each ambitious Fair,
Of Charms superior boasts her darling Ware :
And to allure you does from Basket neat,
With Lissy Hand produce th' Autumnal Treat.

And

6. TOM KING'S: Or,

And what before so charmingly did shine,
 Grac'd with so fair a Touch is sure divine!
 Not half so white her * Hand, who at the Shrine,
 Of chaste *Latona*, did her Vows confine;
 Nor equal was the Fruit, by which the Maid,
 To the desiring Youth her Love betray'd.

High in the midst of this most happy Land,
 A well built Marble Pyramid does stand;
 By which Spectators know the Time o'th' Day;
 From Beams reflecting of the solar Ray;
 Its Basis with ascending Steps is grac'd,
 Around whose Area cleanly Matrons plac'd,
 Vend their most wholesome Food†, by Nature good,
 To cheer the Spirits and enrich the Blood;

* *Cydippe*, a beautiful young Lady, with whom *Acontius* fell in Love; but being out of Hope to attain her, because he was not noble and rich enough, he made use of this Stratagem: When *Cydippe* was offering up her Vows to *Diana*, he wrote these Words upon an Apple, and cast it into her Bosom.

Juro tibi sane per mystica sacra Dianæ,

Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram.

Who reading these Verses sware unawares, and falling sick upon it, was at last forc'd to marry him.

† Upon the Steps of the Cross there set several Old Women, who sell hot Rice Milk and Barly Broth.

And

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 7

And if as Poets sing curs'd *Tantalus*,
Plung'd to the Chin in Water parch'd with Thirst,
Oft the deluded Wretch with eager Eyes,
To catch the fleeting Liquid vainly tries ;
The Streams illusive leave his moistureless Lip,
Nor deign the Tribute of one cooling sip ;
Whilst o'er his Head the pendent Fruit's display'd
Of Heav'nly growth, to teaze his Famine made,
Which as he strives to seize, the Spectre flies,
His eager Touch, and all his Hopes denies ;
But had the Gods for to revenge the Crime,
Of *Ceres** great Abuse, but sentenc'd him,
T'have stood erect upon this Pyramid,
Which o'er the Garden rears its lofty Head,
With this Command, here Wretch, for e'er accurst,
Who impiously t'affront the Heavens durst ;
Be it thy Doom For ever here to stand,
And view all o'er the Plenty of the Land :
And tho' thy famish'd Nostrils are regal'd,
With fragrant Steams, which from below exhal'd ;

* *Ceres* the Goddess of Corn eat the Arm of *Pelops* Son of
Tantalus.

Yet never shall thou taste th' Ambrosial Food,
 Nor drink the Nectar, for a Wretch too good,
 Not *Tittus* * by the hungry Eagles torn,
 Who eat his Liver still as newly born ;
 Nor † *Sisyphus* who strives with might ; Pain,
 Up Hill to rowl the Stone, which back again
 With Force impetuous drives its Headlong way,
 And with new Labours does his Toil repay ;
 Nor all the cruel ‖ Dames, who curs'd below,
 Do idle Pains and fruitless Care bestow ;
 In pouring Streams into a Leaky Urn,
 Which flow as fast again, as fast return ;
 Not all the various Tortures that in Hell,
 The Fire, the Scourge, and ever rowling Wheel,
 Can equal half the Pangs that here he'd feel. }
 These happy Groves such great variety,
 Of Transports yield to please the raptur'd E, e, }
 That Pleasures seem with Pleasures to outvy. }

* *Viscera præbebat Tityos lanianda.* Ovid Met.

† *Aut peits, aut urges ruiturum, Sisyphæ saxum.* Ovid Met.

‖ *Molirique suis letum patruelibus ausæ,
 Assiduæ repetunt quas perdant, Belides undas.*

The

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 9

The Wretch encompass'd thus on ev'ry Side,
And see such Streams of Bliss with 'flowing Tide
Around him circle, must more Tortures bear,
Than Hell, or all the Damn'd Infernals share.

And when the Omnipotent, with dread Command,
Bannish'd our Parents from bless'd *Eden's* Land,
Another Garden, says he, I will give,
In which with Pleasure ye may happy live ;
Second to *Eden* only but in Fame,
For Bliss and constant Spring exact the same,
To th' happy Spot let * *Covent* be the Name. }

Near this terrestrial Paradise is plac'd
A splendid Theatre, with Actors grac'd:
Who far excel in the Dramatic Scene,
Whate'er at *Rome* or *Athens* e'er was seen :
Here each may view, as in a † Glass, his Face,
And learn Improvement from the reigning Taste :
For here all Vices fully are display'd,
Whate'er by Age or youthful Follies made :

* *Covent Garden.*

† *Veluti in Speculo utile dulci.*

Informing * *Shakespear* tells the lustful Queen;
 However private, still her Guilt is seen:
 And modern *Rowe* acquaints the painted Whore,
 From Tragick Emblem of his fam'd *Jane Shore*.
 Here *Africk Terence* does the Laurel lose,
 And veil his Bays to *Congreve's* Comic Muse:
Grecian Euripides must too resign,
 Where Tragic *Dryden*, or where || *Smith* do shine:
 And where's the flinty Heart can cease from Moans
 That hears the fair † *Monimia's* guiltless Groans.
 E'en § *Miller's* Muse does not instruct the Age
 So much from Pulpit, as she does from Stage.
 Th' instructing Theatre does here impart
 The various Wiles of the disguised Heart.
 Here Nature, tho' in various Dress array'd,
 Through all her guileful Artifice display'd,
 T'inform the good, and lash the guilty Age.
 But as the Bow, if always bent, will lose;
 It's Spring Elastic, and forget its Use;

* *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*.

|| Mr. *Smith* translated a Tragedy call'd *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* from the Greek of *Euripides*.

† *Osway's* Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.

§ The Rev. Mr. M—r wrote the *Humours of Oxford*, the *Man of Taste*, and the *Mother in Law*.

The Humours of Covent-Garden. II

So when the pensive Mind is weary grown
Of viewing Vices near ally'd t' its own,
Ingenious *Harlequino Lunn* with Haste
Produces pleasant Scenes of sage Grimace.
Here *Faustus* is display'd; in Magick binds
Hell's baleful * Monarch, and lets loose the Winds,
There lofty Ships are seen to stem the Tide,
Mermaids and Dolphins on the Ocean glide.
But hark! you hear loud *Boreas* frightful roar,
And see huge Billows lash the sounding Shore;
The leaky Vessels strive the Storm t' outbrave,
And leap and bound upon the mounting Wave:
But now subdu'd they drink the foaming Brine,
And found'ring sink, entomb'd in Neptune's Shrine.

But see the *Proteus* now assumes the Shape
Of powder'd Beau, or Dog, or grinning Ape.
Not *Jove* himself more diff'rent Shapes put on,
The Bull, the Show'r, the Satyr and the Swan,
Each are assum'd by *Harlequino Lunn*:

* *Pluto.*

So entertaining, that he seems to be
 Not * Man, but Nature's whole Epitome,
 Who can describe thy Musick, or the Dance
 To Sounds Seraphick moving, 'twou'd entrance
 E'en *Thracian Orpheus*, tho' his Lyre cou'd move
 Wild Boars and Savages to Feats of Love.
 With many other Pleasures, to rehearse
 To length immense would swell the boundless Verse.

Here *Britain's* King, most eminently great,
 Fatigu'd and wearied with the Cares of State,
 T'unbend his Royal Mind does oft resort,
 Attended with the Nobles of his Court.
 Nor wonder, for the modest Scenes are fit
 T'engage the wisest, and the decent Wit
 Would charm e'en *Cato* § to attend the Pit.

But as all Human Pleasures are allay'd
 With various Grievs, by erring Mortals made;

* ————— *Nil fuit unquam*
Sic impar Sibi Hor.
 § *Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti*
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires? Mar.

And

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 13

And no sincere Felicity can be
Without some little Dash of Misery;
Delightful Paradise most happy Ground,
With ev'ry Joy and ev'ry Pleasure crown'd,
Contain'd a Serpent, whose envenom'd Head
O'er all its Joys a direful Poison spread:
So in our Garden is a *Hydra* seen,
With triple Head, fork'd Tongue, and dreadful
Mien,
That in her pois'nous Jaws the Wretch entombs,
Who to approach her fatal Den presumes.
Not *Sphinxes*, nor all the Monsters that in Hell
In Flames tormented, with continual Yell,
Are half so frightful: Her my good Lord *Cogg*
Supports, as *Pluto* does his hellish * Dog.

Forbear rash Mortals, oh! forewarn'd, beware;
Wisely advis'd, her Cavern come not near:
Her cruel Courts are painted with the Gore
Of slaughter'd Thousands, and the horrid Floor

* Cerberus.

Pav'd

Pav'd with the Skulls and Bones of hapless Men
 Whom her false Wiles ensnar'd within her Den.
 For oft with various Arts she does entice,
 Sometimes in painted Form of Card, or Dice,
 Th' unthinking Youth, who does a Victim fall
 To Sons of Plunder that attend her Call.

But to her Shrine conspicuous is seen
 Cover'd with Carpet of a vernal Green ;
 And all around her Votaries do stand,
 Each brandishing within his eager Hand
 A hollow Cylinder, in which confin'd
 Two Cubes quadratick each in Durance bind ;
 With various Dots each Iv'ry Side is grac'd,
 With various Numbers in due Order plac'd :
 Swift from the Boxen Prisons streight they fly,
 Like Thunder rattling from the distant Sky.
 The trembling Gaolers with Impatience wait
 From the whirl'd Chances their uncertain Fate :
 Each feeds his Golden Hopes with Promise fair,
 And dreams of Indies from the Iv'ry War,
 Tho' all uncertain what the Fates declare.

}
 So

So the *Æolian* King in Fetters binds
Loud *Boreas*, and all the stormy Winds,
But when he opes the Prison-door they fly,
And plow the troubled Deep, and storm the Sky,
And tho' before all Nature calm was found,
Now swift Destruction's hurl'd the Globe around,
Woods, Meadows, Cities, are in Ruins laid,
And where they sweep a dreadful Chaos' made.

So here the God of Peace securely slept,
Nor ought disturb'd his balmy calm Retreat,
Till the squar'd Iv'ry from its Durance came,
And damns the losing Wretch to Want and Shame.
His Fate pronounc'd by * *M—on*, in whose Hand
Is held to tell the Lots, a Magick Wand.
High-Priest of † *THEUTH*, in ev'ry hellish Art,
By 'Age and long Experience grown expert;
Happy for *Albion's* Youth if thy Desert
Long since had shar'd the Rope and fatal Cart.
Now Oaths on Oaths, on Curses Curses rise,
Vile Imprecations rend the wounded Skies.

† *Plato* says the *Dæmon Theuth*, was the Inventor of Dice.

* A Famous Groom Porter.

Strange Magick this, which at one dreadful Fling
Can large Estates and Heirs to Ruin bring!

And he that thousands cou'd produce before,
Half *India's* Gold in well lin'd Pockets bore ;
As *Cræsus* rich, as *Irus* now is poor.

Not so thy Fate young *W---n kind is shown,
Minion of Luck, Dame Fortune's happy Son ;

Thy Tripos now, and blacking Art resign,
That in gilt Charriot thou may'st proudly shine ,

And keep a flanting W---re in rich Brocade,

With Slave in splendid Livery array'd ;

To clean those Shoes, which once was your own
Trade.

Happy the Age when bold *Alcides* dar'd,
And the griev'd World from noxious Monsters clear'd!

Oh wou'd our *English Hercules*, the Law,

But squeeze this *Hydra* in his vengeful Paw !

Soon she'd disgorge her Poy son, and her Sting

No more to Ruin Innocence wou'd bring ;

* This fortunate young Man us'd formerly to clean Shoes about
the Streets but has acquir'd so good an Estate by Gameing, that
he now keeps a Charriot and Equipage.

|| *Hercules* so call'd.

For

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 17

Happy the Garden then wou'd be most pure,
From ev'ry Vice, and ev'ry Fraud secure :
For what's that nam'd can Competition be,
To Sharpers, Bullies, who conjoyn'd agree
In one united Fraud, swift to devour,
The Youth ill-fated, that's within their Pow'r.

But hold my Muse, the loathsome Tale despise,
To Scenes more pleasing turn thy wearied Eyes ;
Swift o'er the Square our nimble Course let's steer,
Where Joys incircling Joys transporting are :
Where all the Graces constantly appear ;
Adorn'd with all that's lovely, all that's fair, }
And keep their nightly Revels all the Year.
The various Nymphs, and Beaus in shining Lace,
With smartest Airs, that bless this happy Place ;
In Verse subsequent will I try to sing,
These are thy Pleasures, thy Delights O K---g.

D

T H E

The House of Commons

12. 10. 1964. 10. 10. 1964. 10. 10. 1964.

1943-1944



Tom K---g's:

WITH THE

HUMOURS of *Covent-Garden.*

C A N T O II.



OW bawling Watchmen with hoarse
Throats proclaim,
The past Meridian of Night's sable
Reign;

The Nymphs of *Drury, Fleet-street, Temple-Bar,*
The *Strand, St. James's,* hastily prepare

D 2

To

To *Covent's* Grove, and throng about the Shrine,
Sacred to Beauty, and the God of Wine.

Here Pitehy Links are tip'd with flaming Fire,
And servile Chairmen, ply the Walks for Hire;
Three spacious Courts the Temple does contain,
Each fill'd with am'rous Nymphs of *Trivia's* Train.
And sprightly Youths, who Nightly here resort,
To taste the Pleasures of the *Paphian* Court.

High in the midst is the fat Priestess seen,
Known by her comely Face, and portley mean,
And Voice sonorous, who to urge invites,
The Votaries to *Bacchanalian* Rites.

Her Rosy Visage with rich Rubies shines,
Painted with the best Blood of generous Wines,
And all around her in due order plac'd,
With various Ensigns of the God-head grac'd;
Pots, Flaggons, Tumblers, eminently stand,
Which at Command obey her rev'rend Hand.
Whilst she ambitious to support the Joys,
Which warm the frigid Nymphs and am'rous Boys
Prepare

The Humours of Covent Garden. 21

Prepares a Cordial of sublimer Taste,
Than that which at th' immortal Feasts is plac'd.
Her brawny Right Hand with strong Gripe does
squeeze

A yellow Lemmon from its soure Lees :
Her Left contains, to sooth th' unpleasant Tart,
A candid Lump of Sweetness, which with Art
In Urn infus'd of smoaking Wave, and last
With richest Wine she crowns the blest Repast.
Then with Majestick Arm she stirs the Flood,
To make the sparkling bowl compleatly good.
The mix'd Ingredients thus conjoyn'd agree,
And lose their former Names, as in the Sea
The various Rivers have their Names obsorb'd
In that most mighty Flood, which round the Orb
Rowls its impetuous Waves, no more the Name
They know, nor trace the Spring from whence they
came :

But pleas'd resign (nor think themselves the worse)
To bear that boundless Name * *Oceanus*.

* The God of the Sea, and Father of all Rivers.

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 23

Each am'rous Dame with pleasant smile approves,
And kindly drinks to that which most she loves.
Bowl after Bowl they quaff, each jovial Soul
Gives a large Loose to Joy without Controul.
The jolly God of Wine alone confest,
Now reigns triumphant in each happy Breast :

Fair † *Cytherea* saw the sparkling Glafs
Engage each jovial Youth, and merry Lafs.
And what says She must I my pow'r resign ?
Must Beauty yeild to the brisk God of Wine ?
No more will Lovers then my Shrine invoke
No more at *Cyprus* will my Altars smoke,
It must not be ; with that she wings her Flight,
And at fam'd *Fanny's* Lodgings did alight.
Go, says the Goddess, to *Tom K—g's* repair,
For *Bacchus* only keeps his Revels there :
Here take my * Cestus, let the Drunkards know
What to all-conqu'ring Beauty 'tis they owe :

† *Venus.*

* The Cestus of *Venus* had this Property annex'd to it, that whoever wore it, for that Time was endu'd with the same Charms as *Venus* herself.

And

And that thy Charms the brighter may appear,

Let crooked *Nanny A——s* too be there :

That Wretch with Mountain on her Shoulders
plac'd,

With ev'ry Vice, and ev'ry Ill disgrac'd :

Curs'd Child of *Mercury*, whose Fingers rob,

With Touch unfelt, the Gold-containing Fob :

Whilst I'll go summons all my Train t' appear,

Who in their best Attire shall wait you there.

This said, the Goddess mounts her easy Carr

And drove her **Sparrows* through the yeilding Air:

The obsequious Nymphs the Goddess soon o-
bey'd,

And all repair in richest Robes array'd

To the fam'd *Grotto*, *Burgefs* now does moan

Her absent Fair, and wish their quick return.

Each vacant *Bagnio* now is desert seen

From *Haddock's*, *Harwood's*, down to Mother
Green.

* The Chariot of *Venus* is sometimes drawn with Doves, and
sometimes with Sparrows.

Refrain

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 25

Refrain your Tears, ye Hags of Hell refrain,
Each Girl will soon return, and bring her Swain,
Loaden with Gold, who at a vast Expence,
For to support your curs'd Extravagance ;
Contracts a loath'd Disease that knows no Cure,
To make Damnation firm, and sign your Hell most
sure.

Walthora first, a Dame of finest Mould,
(Pity such Charms shou'd barter'd be for Gold,)
Appear, the Fair each winning Art of Dress,
With Skill had chose, t'adorn her Prettiness.

But O fond Youth! forbear! take sage Advice!
Gaze not with Wonder on the Cockatrice :
Trust not the Adder for her spotted Skin!
Least when's too late you'll feel the poisonous Sting.

Pandora thus in all the Bloom array'd,
That e'er adorn'd the loveliest charming Mail,
Each God ambitious did with study'd Art,
A Gift peculiar to the Dame impart ;

E

Thus

Thus exquisitely form'd to please the Mind,
She swift Contagion hurl'd o'er all Mankind.

Chambers next with sable Charms does shine,
A Nymph with ev'ry Feature grac'd divine ;
Black shining Hair adorn'd the lovely Dame,
With Teeth as Iv'ry White, that wou'd inflame
To Love's forbidden Joys, the Anchorite,
And tempt him Heav'n and his Cell to flight :
But Jove in Pity to enslav'd Mankind
Has to the killing Fair annex'd a Mind.
That Kind'y She'll receive into her Arms
Each Male, that in the form of **Pallas* charms.

— So to the deadliest Poysons when they wound
Kind Nature a sure Antidote has found.

The †*Orator* his Rhet'rick at thy Shrine
And all his Tropes, and Figures did resign,

* Alluding to *Phillips's Splendid Shilling*, where he says,
Till *Pallas*

In Form of Money sets the Captive free.

† *L-y*, who set up an *Oratory* in opposition to Mr. *H-y*.
And

The Humours of Covent Garden. 27

And you his fluent Love (say Sons of Fame,)

Kindly accepted and return'd his Flame.

Not so th' *Albenian* Orator, who pin'd,
For jilting *Thais*, freakish and unkind,
And tho' his moving Speeches could perswade,
The listning Throng, they cou'd not win the Maid.

From hence this Moral we may justly draw,
Beauty, to Wit, and Learning, does give Law.

Coopera next, a Nymph of largest Size,
With Limbs *Herculean*, and **Saturnian* Eyes;
The *Amazonian* Dame, with yellow Hair,
And Hurkish Smell, does vainly strive t'ensnare;
Patch, Powder, Paint, alas, in vain you try,
To hide those Freckles, or your Skin to dye:
As soon the Leper will his Spots forego,
As soon the *Æthiop* change his Skin as you

* Βοῶπις ὀφθαλμοὶ Ἦρη.

Hom. II. 1.

With all your daubing Arts of *Italy*,
Commence a Belle, or but delightful be.

Ill favour'd Maid leave off for *Venus* fake,
A Painted Crow will ne'er a Parrot make.

Then take Advice, forfake thy Whoring Trade,
For which thy burly Form was never made ;
And choose some lusty Hostler for thy Spouse,
The Wretch enthrall'd in Matrimonial Noose,
Shall keep a little Boosing-Ken*, while you,
Hasp'd up in Bar, as Prude in Country Pew ;
With borrow'd Charms kind ogling may prevail,
To recommend your Cheats, and sower Ale.

Prudilla next, a Maid with sober Face,
Coy Looks, feign'd Blushes, ev'ry sign of Grace ;
Her various Nets, and diff'rent Arts displays,
T'ensnare the Novice, who with eager Gaze

* An Alehouse;

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 29

Vainly imagines to embrace the Shrine,
Of chaste *Lucretia*, in a *Messalin*;
Strange that a Soul with ev'ry Vice array'd,
Should seem a pious Saint in Masquerade!

So artful Pyrates when the Seas they roam,
T'ensnare the Merchant, various Wiles put on;
Sometimes the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Swede*, the
Dane,
To various Ships, are various Colours seen.

Here ragged *A---m* presses to be seen,
A Maid with squinting Eyes, and aukward Mien.
With many more that barely to rehearse,
To Length immense, wou'd swell the tedious Verse.

Each Nymph now seated, all her Charms display,
The Maiden Blush, coy Leer, and saucy Gaze.

When low the Priestests from her Bar of State
In which her heavy Clumsy Carcass fate.

Nimbly

Nimbly uprising, Greet her newcome Guest
 With Health, long Life, and lasting Happiness.
 But what says she does ev'ry Nymph incline
 To offer to the jolly God of Wine?
 Shall I prepare a Negus, or d'ye choose

To sip of **Turkish* Berry the boyl'd Juice?

Or rather say of Wine a sparkling Glass

To Taste, alluring does inspire each Lass;

Name but your Liquor, by the God I swear,

Whate'er you name this Moment shall appear,

Each thank'd the Hearty Priestess, and con-

ted

The second nam'd was what they now loved best

And after that, each will indulge her Soul

With the rich Nectar, of a wreaking Bowl.

The jolly Priestess gave the great command
 And tawney || Betty soon appear'd at Hand.

* *Coffin*.

|| The Black Girl that attends with the *Coffin*.

Whose

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 31.

Whose Skin with the same Colour is endu'd,
Of the fam'd Berry from whose Lees embrew'd,
The muddy Liquor, swift she flies with Toil,
Fanns the large Fire, to make the Caldron boyl.

Thrice happy Vestal whom no smutty Coal,
Nor blackest Soot, nor Cinder dare to soil;
Thy blest'd Complexion was by Heav'n assign'd,
To shew the dark Contexture of thy Mind:
With ev'ry Charm thee *Pluto* does inspire,
A proper Vestal for so chaste a Fire.

Each Nymph in Lilly right-Hand holds a Cup,
Of the dark Liquor, which they soon sip up;
Then through the tippling Throng they dart their
Eyes,
Swift through the Grot the killing Lightning flies;
Not half so fatal *Jove*, thy fiery Darts,
They only scorch the Body, these wound Hearts;
Each jovial Son of *Bacchus* feels the Flame,
And Sighs desirous for the conqu'ring Dame.

Whilst

Whilst each triumphant Dame not coy approves,
With mutual Kisses crown their eager Loves.

Lovely *Walthora's* deem'd the happy Lot,
Of Lordly *Ros---ry*, the ugly *Scot*,
With rough long Beard, and Head with uncomb'd
Shock,
Looks as if Nature made him in a mock,
How canst thou *Fanny* lavish all thy Charms?
And wanton revel in a Monster's Arms?
Strange Power of Gold, whose Magic can ensnare,
A cooing Dove to bill with *Russian* Bear.

Chambera's Flames *Præceptor sting t' th' Heart,
A Youth well vers'd in the Scholastick Art,
Full well he knows each tender Child to train,
And teach him, that with Demonstration plain;
He'd prove that two times four are eight, and then
That five when doubly told, compleat make ten.

* School-Master.

Besides with wond'rous Care (by all agreed)
He'd learn the Youngster how to write, and read.

Forbear rash *Cupid*, Urchin, do't not dread,
The fleaing Birch, upon thy Buttocks laid !
No, the young Truant in his taunting Play,
Cries where is now your Cane and Ferula ?

But let the Muse advise, to ease your Pain,
Back to your *Flogging-Shop* return again ;
With Breeches down, there let some lusty Lad,
(*To desp'rate Sicknefs, desp'rate Cures are bad*)
With honest Birch excoriate your Hide,
And flog the *Cupid*, from your scourg'd Backside.

Hall Rectus next * *Flandera's* Charms invite,
A Maid in ev'ry Mode of Dress polite ;
Well hast thou chang'd the Times (in dirty Gown,
From Hawking four Pickles through the Town)

* This outlandish Gentlewoman sold Pickles about the Streets,
till she set up the laudable Trade of a Harlot.

For rich Brocades, fine Hollands, Mecklin-Lace,
And all the Pride that Courtly Damsels grace ;

*But as a long us'd Custom will prevail,
Still thou retain st some Pickle in thy Tail.

The Brine salacious gives those Charms to thee,
As Beauty's Goddess rising from the Sea.]

Nor fear, well season'd Youth, the pepper'd Dame,
Hot must she be indeed, if she inflame
Thy P--x'd and rotten Constitution, know
No fœtid Carron e'er cou'd kill a Crow.

But, as two Fires when plac'd too near with Spight
Obsorb each others vital Heat and Light ;
So may'st thou hope from the Conjunction hot,
A small Relief to Pangs already got.
Happy for thee *Hall*, had it been t'have known,
Borebaare and *Friend* instead of *Littleton*

* *Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem,
Tæstis diu.*

But

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 35

But see Count **Cog-n*, with his squinting Sight,
Full fraught with Wine, pale, blear-ey'd Son of
Light.

Nature to thee has greater Charms assign'd,
Than what has bless'd the rest of Human-kind;
Two shining Lights to most she's giv'n to guide
Their wandring Steps, with one some satisfy'd.
Far larger Opticks bless thy happy Eye,
Through which at once nine Ways with Ease you
spy ;

But partial *Jove* enrag'd has curs'd thy Face,
With a fell Visage, to the dire Disgrace ;
Of Man and all Mankind's succeeding Race :
To this he adds, to make thee curs'd compleat,
A Soul to ev'ry Virtue opposite ;
And at thy Birth the Fates confirm'd the same,
Let Squinny say they, be thy loathsom Name :
Not all the Learning that your Shop contains,
Can teach th' indocile Breast, or clear your Brains.

* A Bookseller within a Mile of *Temple-Bar*.

Crooked *M—lla* does thy Form admire,
 Despis'd by ev'ry common Drab of Hire ;
 May her invenom'd Joys into thee pour
 A foul Disease, beyond the Art of Cure ;
 And may'st thou, when deny'd the hop'd Relief,
 Go hang thyself to end thy wretched Life.

Here *B—dle*, *M---ford*, *Wil---re* a pear,
 With many more, who claspe the yielding Fair.
 Now nought is seen but am'rous wanton Play,
 Each Swain is loving, ev'ry Nymph is gay ;
 Soft melting Kisses freely are conjoyn'd,
 Which sweetly intermingled with their Wine,
 Raise their exalted Spirits to a Bliss,
 Beyond the Reach of Human Happiness.

Kind Beauty's Godde's does behold from far,
 The Medley Combat of the pleasing War ;
 And smiling thus she said, behold what Charms
 Does *Venus* give, when *Bacchus* with her warms.

Each

The Humours of Covent Garden. 37

Each smirking Damsel brandishes on high
A Bumper, which re-smiles with mutual Joy ;
Gay deluging in genial Juice her Soul,
To *Bacchus* and to *Venus* fills the Bowl ;
Each Female Breast warm'd with the Heavenly
Juice,
To Thoughts, and Prattle give a wanton Loose :
Now the whole Dome with Harmony does sound,
And pleasant Tittle-tattle flies around ;
Each happy Youth another Goblet swills,
Each Fair the great Example takes, and fills ;
Th' intoxicating Fumes now seize the Brain,
To Song sonorous each their Voices strain ;
Whilst the throng'd Temple ecchos with the Noise
Of Male and Female's inharmonious Voice.

Not *Babel's* Tow'r contain'd a greater din
From th' unintelligible Chattering
Of Tongues confus'd, who strove with Verbal
Pain

In Languages unknown, their Words t' explain,

So

So when chill Autumn crops from Woods the
Leaves

Whirl'd through the Grove, by the refreshing
Breeze!

The wither'd Honours chatter as they rove
In circling Eddies round the vocal Grove.

The noisy Prattle now is grown full loud,
As various Themes inspire the tattling Croud.

The Lord, Clown, Senator, Fop, Bully, Cit,
Mingling in one loquacious Jargon fight.

Walthora, Nymph with keenest Wit endu'd,
Rally'd *Prudilla* till the enrag'd Prude,
No longer can her boyling Ire contain,
But a huge Blow returns the gibeing Dame.

O thou, who tutor'd by the **Delphick* God,
Sung on the Margin of an ousley Flood.

* Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*,

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 39

Fool-hardy Chiefs inur'd to deadly Wars
'Twixt croaking Frogs, and Mice immortal Jars,
† Or thou who Sung in an immortal Strain,
The licens'd Homicides of *Warwick-Lane* :
Give energy to my unskilful Tongue
While furious *Fanny's* direful rage is Sung.
What Pencil can her Indignation draw ?
When on her Cheek sh: fe't the smarting Blow,
Mute, Pale, and Motionless, at first she stood,
Horror, Surprize, awhile benumb'd her Blood.
But her imprison'd Words at length resound,
And breaking through her Grief, this Passage
found.

Hussey, says she, you Drab, you faucy Minx,
I'll make you rue your curst Impudence,
Was it for this I foster'd you in Jail,
Where not a Tatter cloath'd your p—ky Tale ?
For this I paid your Fees, and Garn' sh too,
When stern || *Deveil* to *Bridewell* order'd you.

† *Dr. Garth* the Author of the *Dispensary*, a Poem.

For this ; when first reliev'd from *Hempen-Black*,
 I coax'd the *Tally-Man* to set you up,
 Fit to appear at drawing-room, or Mall,
 And from a Bunter, dubb'd you W—re of Qual.
 And is an ignominious Blow the Treat
 You pay my Kindness with? — O vile Ingrate !
 This said, she streightway at the Prude lets fly,
 Swift Lightning sparkled from her kindling Eye.
 With eager Hands she seiz'd th' unhappy Fair
 And from her Head her Bruffs tore, and Hair,
 With Skin and all, the smoaking purple Gore
 stream'd down her wounded Back, and ting'd the
 Floor.

Her Pilgrim fring'd with Gold, Manteel and all.
 The tatter'd Victims of her rage do fall.

Prudilla back again with Shrieks and cries
 With Teeth, and Nails, and Kicks, her Foe she
 plies,
 Arms lock'd in Arms they strive, with many a
 Wound
 Both Heroines weaken'd, falling bite the Ground.
 Thus

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 41

Thus have I seen in *Africk's* slimey Lakes
Closely entwin'd two angry Rattle Snakes,
Dart their Barb'd Tongues, and with envenom'd
Spight,
Hiss, spit, spurn, heave, and swelling sharply bite ;
The foaming Slime upon the Mire is spread ;
Nor ends the Poysonous War till both are dead.

With baleful Eyes, pale Discord from afar,
Sees the contending Fray, and Female War ;
She smil'd, and foaming breath'd upon the Throng,
The same dire Spirit late her Breast had stung,
From the curs'd Hag, the Demon disengag'd,
Enter'd the Herd, and like a Tempest rag'd ;
Headlong she drives 'em, some take *Fanny's* Part,
Others have bruis'd *Prudilla's* Cause at Heart :
Revenge does now in ev'ry Front appear,
And the Dome's fill'd with universal War ;
Blows now on Blows, and Shrieks on Shrieks arise,
While Mournful *Betty* wrings her Hands and cries.

When from her Wooden Throne the Priestess
flies,

What Madness now possesses you she cries ?

What Hellish Fiend is it (averse to good) .

That tempts you thus to Slaughter, and to Blood ?

Cease with foul Discord to affront the Shrine,

Sacred alone to Beauty and to Wine.

Shall it be fill'd with sacrilegious War ?

For Combatants the shameful Theatre ?

Or will ye make the Temple of a God

Like fell * *Alceto's* cruel, dark Abode ?

Leave off this † *Thracian* Madness, I beseech,

And let hot Negus heal the bloody Breach

All hear the Voice, the Combatants straightway,

Obey the comely Dame, and end the Fray.

So when destructive *Boreas* Marches forth,

With his impetuous Champions of the North ;

* One of the Furies of Hell.

† *Natis in usum lætitiæ Scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est : tollite barbarum
Morem ; verecundumq; Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.* Hor.

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 43

Loud Tempests rise, and plough the foaming Deep,
And mounting Waves devour the foundring Ship,
If the **Cærulean* King but strike the Main,
With his commanding Trident, back again
They rowl their peaceful Waves, his presence binds
Their foaming Billows, and controuls the Winds.

Now all is calm and quiet, in the Cell,
Nothing but friendly Peace, and Halcyons dwell,
The reconciling Bowl walks nimbly round,
And wounds and blows in peaceful Nectar's drown'd

But see th'uncertain Fate of Human Bliss!
When all Things now concurr'd to Happiness;
And ev'ry thoughtless Youth indulg'd his Soul,
With a kind Mistress, and a genial Bowl:
In rushes † *Irenarcha*, with his Train
Of § *Myrmidons*, to seek the vent'rous Man;
Who on the Road most impiously bold,
Dar'd take from honest Traveller his Gold,

† A Constable. * *Neptune.* § Watchmen.

Each honest Heart ne'er minds his prying Look,
 But trembling **Fur* flies quaking to a Nook ;
 There skulking hides, his blood congeal'd thro' fear
 Forsakes his Rosy Cheeks, his upright Hair, }
 Sure Signs of Guilt, the Villain all declare.
 Stern *Argus* views each different Face to see,
 Which with his Information does agree ;
 At last he finds the *Catiff*, with strong Hand,
 He hawls him struggling to his armed Band,
 So great *Alcides* from his Cavern drew,
 The artful Thief§, and all his plundring Crew.
 Deep in the Round-House pent, all Night he groans,
 And the next Morn his Fate in vain bemoans,
 To Jail to send him does *Deveil* agree,
 And the next Sessions to the fatal Tree ;
 Unhappy Youth this Fate you ne'er had known,
 If to the †*Hydra's* Cave you ne'er had gone.

* Thicf.

§ *Cacus*.

† Gaming Table.



From a sketch by...



J. Smith delin et sculp



Tom K---g's :

WITH THE
HUMOURS of *Covent-Garden.*

C A N T O . I I I .



H E R E a large spacious Dome sub-
limely stands,

Which boasts the Work of * *Jones'*
immortal Hands ;

Columns with neat Magnificence appear,
And lofty Porches tell the Builder's Care ;

* *Inigo Jones* was the Architect of *St. Paul's, Covent-Garden,*

Here

Here deep mouth'd Bells, with noisy Tongues
prepare,

To call the pious Sinner to his Pray'r.

When lo! a Voice from the obstrep'rous Sounds,
Of Iron Hammer, four Times smote resounds,
O'er the wide Square, the Watchmen hear the Shock,
And round their Wards proclaim past Four o'clock.

So when the **Lemnian* bares his Sinewy Arm,
And loudest Strokes the sounding Anvil warm ;
Around his Cave the Steely Sparkles seen,
And *Ætna* echos to the Thundering.

The *Hydra* opes her Cave, th' expanded Doors
Turn on their creaking Hinges, and out pours
A Pestilential Cloud, whose noxious blast,
Swift in a Moment o'er the Garden past.
Next from the Gate infernal, out there flew,
Curs'd Sons of Dice, a motley gameing Crew :

* *Vulcan.*

Some

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 47

Some gorgeously array'd in all the cost,
That *Ind.a's* loom, or Tyrian Dyes can boast,
Others more wretched, who few hours ago,
Strutted in all the Pride of *Mexico*,
Now shiv'ring stand within the chilling storm,
And want a Garb to keep their Bodies warm.
Out on the Pad the *Desperado* goes,
And the first Man he meets, he robs of Cloaths,
Thence to Black-Heath, or Hounslow does repair,
And plunders of his Gold each Traveller.

Hence Bloody Rogues in Murders do engage,
From hence the various *Turpins* of the Age.
But those whom Fortune from the dicey toyl,
Does crown with Vict'ry, and Reward with
 spoil,

Swift o're the Square their nimble Steps do rove,
And croud impetuous to the *Paphian* Grove,
To crown their Blifs with *Bacchus*, and with Love }
Here each selects the willing vendal Dame,
Strongly entic'd, she meets his purchas'd flame ;
Enamour'd with the Golden Fee she dies,
And richly hir'd no liberty denies.

So

So Jove coy *Danae* to his pow'r subdu'd,
When in a Golden Show'r he press'd the Prude.

What art thou Gold? that thy great influence,
Shou'd thus unbounded o're Mankind commence.
For Thee, the wretch his Conscience does forego,
And swears that right is wrong, that wrong is
true.

For Thee, the Parent with his Bloody Knife,
Takes from the Child he gaves, it's murder'd
Life.

For Thee the Offsprings cruel Hinds are di'd,
(O dire Disgrace) with monstrous Paracide;
For Thee the blushing Maid resigns her Charms,
And leudly revels in the Leacher's Arms.

Now Throngs on Throngs, so crowd the happy
Dome,
It scarcely gives its numerous Vot'ries room;
Its numerous Boxes in due order plac'd,
With various Guests of diff'rent Sexes grac'd;

Here

Here an old Leacher's socket sunken Eyes
For a young wanton Harlot, gloating dies;
Strange reverse this of Nature, that threescore,
Shou'd glow with am'rous Flame, of twenty four!
And who can say that Nature is grown old?
Since Ever-Greens thus bud in Winter's cold.
In thee old Boy, a Leek's rank Emblem's seen,
For tho' thy Head is grey, thy Tail is green;
Thus wither'd Leaves and Fern, when set on Fire,
Do blaze, and bounce, and crack, and then expire.

There a spruce Beau in Doggrel sings his Flame,
And courts with his own Muse the Pliant Dame;
His well form'd Curls, made of dissembled Hair,
Furnish his empty Head, himself as fair.
As any Nymph within the Paphian Grove,
And like *Narcissus* to himself makes Love.
So have I seen a gaudy *Peacock* plume
Her *Argus* Eyes in the reflecting Sun.
Nay *Gay's* * *Baboon*, who had the World o'er-tan
To see new Fashions was much more a Man;

* Vide *Gay's Fables*.

How can ye Fair adore the Foppish Afs?

Who doats on nothing but his Looking-Glass?

Change but his Clothing, and you'll see the Beau,

Appear a Lady gay like one of you.

Near him a strutting Bluff is hectring seen,

Known by his Warlike Phiz, and fighting Mein;

His Hat smart cock'd, with yellow Tinsel lac'd,

And keen fell Bilbo by his Side was plac'd:

Nay, what is more, to dub him stout compleat,

He'd in the *Tagus* sail'd with *British* Fleet.

Beauty to Looks so savage fure must yield,

For who dares storm whilst *Mars* is in the Field?

His whole Discourse was made of Wounds and

Scars,

Of plunder'd Pig-Stys, and hot poultry Wars;

Of Pocky Shins he'd shew the dreadful Wounds,

And ev'ry Phrase was tip'd with Blood and O--ns.

Near this bold Son of Thunder, next is seen

Demure Mercator, with his sober Mien.

The

The Hungurs of Covent-Garden. 51

The Knavish Cit here squanders on a W—re,
What at th' Expence of Conscience he before
Behind his Counter got, where false he swares,
And vends with damning Oaths, his damag'd Wares,
The Wretch enchanted here, but little knows,
Who 'tis at home is planting of his Brows;
And whilst he's lewd Abroad, enjoys his Spouse.
Back to thy Shop return, let painful Gains,
Of thy Mechanick Art employ thy Brains;
Nor idely spend on Whores thy Golden Pride,
Which shou'd support your Children, cloath your
Bride;

Remember *Clytemenstra**, while her Lord
Was planting Laurels, with his Arms Abroad,
She took the lustful *Ægyptus* to her Bed,
And kind caress'd him in her Husband's stead;
Who back return'd with *Trojan* Trophies crown'd,
In cruel Spouse a Murtherefs he found.

Close joyn'd to him *Causidicus* appears,
A Youth train'd up in Brawls, and Wordy Wars;

* The Wife of *Agamemnon*.

He knew full well each cranny of the Law,
 And where the Case was plain, and where the flaw;
 Barb'rous Law Latin from his Lips did fly,
Treynsabo te, Statutum murderi.

With sly inveigling Arts he knew to wind,
 Into the close Recesses of the Mind;

Thence pump the latent Secret from the Heart,
 Which known he'll sily to the World impart,
 Born on the Wings of Fame, from hence arise
 Endless Calamities, the Orphans cries,

And injur'd Widows Woes, from hence commence,
 Law-suits in Chancery, Common-Pleas, King's-
 Bench:

From which this Son of Law does profit gain,
 And Vulture like, preys on the mangled Stain.

Beware all honest Men, forewarn'd, beware!
 As Peace you Prize, this Fury come not near;
 His pois'nous Arts will all your Bliss destroy,
 And damn you with eternal Suits of Law.

So

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 53

So have I seen in Summer's sultry Heat,
A poysonous Snake creep in a Sheaf of Wheat;
The Monster's Slime infects the Golden Grain,
Which made in Bread destroys the eating Swain;

But here another Cause employs his Mind,
A Glass that's tempting, and a Lass that's kind;
No Law's known here, but those which Love and
Wine,
Do in their pleasing Chains enslave Mankind.

But see a meager Bard my Muse next spies!
Known by his Thread-bare Cloaths, and eager
Eyes;
Thin meager Cheeks with Famine sunken in,
Sharp Nose, large Eye-brows, and long grizley
Chin:
Upon his little Head erect did stair,
A scatter'd sable shock, of uncomb'd Hair;
No powd'ring Barber's Art it boasts, or knows,
The scorching Pinchers us'd by modern Beaus.
His Upper Robe which on his Back he wore,
Was of a dark blue-grey, with Dust all o'er;
And

And foetid Spots defil'd, his Sable Vest,
 With many Holes, and Tatters is disgrac'd;
 His ragged Breeches, and his unheel'd Shoes,
 Speak the sad mourning of his defunct Muse;
 No trading Dame to him my Dear does cry,
 But as a Pest, the Scare-crow all do fly.
 No Wine of rich *Falernum* grace his Board,
 No *Lusitanian* Juice can he afford;
 But muddy *Coffee* wets his palid Lips,
 Which from a broken Dish, he gently sips.
 But see the Fate of Things! He that before
 Had much, shall add to his increasing Store,
 So here, the Wretch to indigence most poor,
 Loses his little Mite, and has no more.
 Close joyn'd to him **Manticularius*,
 Div'd in his Pocket, and convey'd his Purse:
 And when he came to view with longing Eyes,
 The theivish Spoil—two Half-pence was the prize.
 Unhappy Bays! what Complaints wilt thou put on?
 When that thou find'st thy Purse and Money gone.

* A Pick-Pocket.

No

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 55

No Baker's Rowl, with Butter plaster'd o'er,
Will blest thy Morning's Breakfast, but the Roar
Of gripeing Damps, in empty Gut confin'd,
Will tear thy famish'd bowels with the Wind.

But let this Consolation ease your Grief,
Tho' you have lost your Coin, you've bit the
Thief;

Who from thy Purse did hope the shining Oar,
That blest'd *Paetolus* and the *Tagan* Shore.

Curs'd Wretch mistaken! cou'd thy breast not
know?

From such Variety of ragged Woe,
No Poet yet was ever worth a Groat;
This Theft will damn thee in *Apollo's* Court.
There when arraign'd before the tuneful Throng
Who plead in Metre, and condemn in Song.
They'll doom thy Fate to the deserved Tree,
And hang thee up for worse than Perjury.
Dr—ry, tell Bard, will wait thee in the Cart,
And there perform the knotty Hangman's Part;

And

And Rev'rend *M—ler*, drest in fable Train,
 Shall set thy dying *Stave*, like *Paul Lorrain*;
Mit—el shall write thy *Elegy*, and *S—th*
 On mournful *Stone* engrave thy *Epitaph*,

But hold, my *Muse*, whilst you with *Sorrow* great
 Pity the *Poet's* Loss, and hapless *Fate*,
 Wide erring from your *Subject*, leave unsung
 The mighty *Theme*, that shou'd adorn your *Song*.

Hippolitus your wand'ring *Lay* demands,
 A *Swain* with clownish *Face*, and *Rustick* *Hands* ;
 Youth in its healthy *Bloom* with vernal *Grace*,
 Shone in his *Eyes* and brighten'd on his *Face* ;
 His *Chin* *Majestick*, overspreads his *Chest*,
 In three deep *Folds* descending on his *Breast* ;
 His brawny *Back*, cloath'd with the *Fleecy* *Store*
 Of his own *Flocks*, more rich than *Jason* bore
 In the stout *Argo** from the *Asian* *Shore*.

* The Name of the Ship in which *Jason* brought the *Golden*
Fleece into *Greece*.

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 37

His Galligaskins made of the tough Hide
Of Fallow Buck, who in his Park with Pride
Court'd the skittish Does, whose armed Head
With a sharp Troop of Spikes was yearly spread.

The clumsy 'Squire from * *Eboracum* -
To London's gayer Town just newly come,
Was recreating with a merry Bowl,
And billing Wench, his rustick jovial Soul.
Loud was his Mirth, he sung (or seem'd to sing)
With Voice sonorous, like the noisy Din
Of yelping Hounds, when o'er the Plain the Crew
The subtle Fox, or trembling Hare pursue.
His Voice obstrep'rous round the Temple flew,
Whilst Eccho answer'd to the loud Halloo:
The noisy Huntsman's Mirth disturb'd the Throng,
Each Prigg was piqu'd, whilst merrily he sung;
None understood Dog-language, or cou'd own
The blessed Period of a high Down Down.

* *York.*

But

But most of all *Causidicus* did frown,
 Who lov'd to hear no Noise, but what's his own,
 When thus he spoke: Whence does the Difference
 Betwixt God's Image and a Brute commence?
 'Tis not from Form alone, but from the Mind,
 In whose Recesses Manly Thoughts are coin'd,
 And operate the Tongue, which does dilate
 In pleasing Speech its Sounds articulate.
 But if this noble Creature does disgrace,
 And with Brutality his Soul debase;
 And howl, and stamp, and scream, and yell and
 stare,
 Like Bull, or Lyon, Tyger, Dog, or Bear,
 He then commences Brute, as such shou'd be
 Sent to the Woods to Brutal Company,
 Nor is it fit such gross Impertinence,
 Shou'd dare intrude, to perplex Men of Sense.

Hippolitus, to this most wise Discourse
 Return'd a Grin, and laugh'd as if he'd burst.
 And what says he, do you fine Cockneys dare
 With us robustick, Country Squires compare?

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 59

Or do you think on Earth, a Bliss abounds?

That can be nam'd, with hunting, Nag and
Hounds.

From Manly Exercise our Nerves are strung,

Our Bodies vig'rous, and our Days are long :

Whilst you, a puny Race of sapless Elves,

Dead when alive, like no Men but yourselves :

I'd sooner be a Farmer's Dog and bark,

Than be as thou art, little dapper Spark.

This said, with strongest Gripe, he tweak'd his

Nose,

Streight from the Pinch the gushing Blood outflows :

Curs'd Booby, Dolt-head, Bumkin, Bacon-Face,

What have I done ? to bear this vile Disgrace,

Causticus reply'd ; With that the Bowl

With reaking Negus brimm'd, his Angry Soul

Impatient seiz'd, and brandishing on high,

A tip-Toe stands, and guides it with his Eye ;

Then at th' undaunted Squire, high in Air

Flings with both Hands the China Cloud of War.

And home it went : With one disastrous Show'r

His Hat and Wig, and Coat it delug'd o'er.

The

The brawny Champion felt the Wat'ry Wound,
 And in the Negus almost blind and drown'd,
 Gaping he stood, but in a little Space,
 Having wip'd the Nectar from his shining Face,
 Thou little Prig, says he, thou Baby Face,
 Thou living Shadow, Nature's whole Disgrace,
 Who spawn'd thee in her Sport, to shew us then,
 How near a Monkey can resemble Man.
 Dar'st thou protected by that Pigmy Size,
 Against a Man of Vigour to arise?
 But as the Lordly Mastiff does contemn
 The snarling Curs that yelping bark at him;
 Yet if to too great Liberties they run,
 Or bite his Legs, or snatch the feasting Bone,
 Their Impudence he chides, and one sharp bite
 The sneaking Curs does to Obedience fright.
 So though thy wither'd Face I do despise,
 Thy spindle Shanks, and little feeble Thighs,
 Yet I'll chastise thy Pride; with that he flew
 And hit *Causidicus* so great a Blow,
 That his Eyes fixt, his dislocated Neck
 Turn'd to his Shoulder, and o'er look'd his Back;

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 61

Large streams of Blood from batter'd Eyes and Nose,
And wounded Mouth, most plentifully flows.

The batter'd Lawyer all bedaub'd with Gore
(No Cloath in fulling-Mill e'er pounded more)

Cries out for Help, each tender Damsel flies,
Mov'd by his bleeding Wounds and mournful Cries,
To his Assistance: all contend t'assuage
The ireful Squire, and controul his Rage.

So two fierce Bulls whom rival passions share
For some lov'd Heifer, meditate a War.
Each bends his armed Head, with many a Wound
Gores his Antagonist, the thirsty Ground
Drinks up the Gore, the neighbouring Vallies ring,
To the loud Echo of their bellowing.

When now the strongest with a deadly Wound,
Pushes his Foe, and stuns him to the Ground.
The loving Heifers round about them press,
And interposing calm each ireful Breast.

So here, the tender Dames deplore the State,
Of wounded Dapper's bloody rueful Fate;
Whilst one with Handkerchief, of cooling Flood,
Dip'd in the Wave, wash'd off the clotted Blood,
Ang.

Tom King's; Or,

Another with her healing Hand does rub
His Head with Nants, the swellings to remove,
Whilst the unwounded Squire takes his place,
And laughs at *Dapper* and his mangled Face.

So when *Pelides* shook his thundring Spear
On *Xanthus'* Plains, the Terror of the War;
His conqu'ring Arm beat *Hector* to the Ground,
Himself unhurt, and guiltless of a wound.

The Combat ended, each to Mirth encline,
And *Mars* to *Venus* and the God of wine,
His cruel Reign, and Empire does resign.
Pleasing Discourse attends the merry Throng,
And each his tuneful Voice exalts in Song;
Only the batter'd Lawyer discontent,
Full fraught with Spleen shares not their merriment;
From smarting Bones the damages he draws
Of thousand Actions, endless Suits of Laws.

Now *Chantecler* with shrillest Note does say,
The near Approaching of the solar Ray.
Not so once drowsy Youth, you watch'd the Cloc',
When angry *Mars* transform'd you to a Coc'.

The

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 63

The num'rous Vot'ries now forsake the Shrine,
But first they pay the Priestess for the Wine,
And smoaking Negus, then the Bargain made
Each to some Bagnio leads the willing Maid,
Or to her gayer Lodgings does invite
The inflam'd Youth, to quench his Appetite.
Some the officious Link-Boys aid require,
To teach their cleanly steps t' avoid the Mire.
Whilst others hous'd secure from rain, or air,
By padding Slaves are borne in swinging Chair.
Thus each most happy Youth to crown his Bliss,
Or Walks, or Rides, accompany'd with Miss.
Now the whole Dome is vacant of its Throng,
And all its num'rous Votaries are gone.

Whilst I the most unhappy, me no Dame
Accompanies, to quench my am'rous Flame.
No Bagnio's known to me, but pennyless,
Cursing my Fate, I mourn the wish'd for Bliss.
Pensive along the dirty Strand I roam,
Far as *St. Clement's*, to my wretched Home.
There to a lousy Room, that's next the Sky,
By Men the Garret call'd, I trembling fly.

TOM KING'S: Or,

Me to deny my Land-lady I court,
To Dunns importunate, who oft resort,
With Catch-poles, who if once their Palm they lay,
On Debtors Shoulder, do to Jail convey
His captive Carcass, where in Durance bound
Of ev'ry Joy bereft, his Couch the Ground:
Long must he live in want, and Misery
Till Death, or Regal Mercy set him free.
Safe from such Visitants to sleep secure
I Bar my Windows, double lock the Door.
Next to refresh in balmy Sleep my woe
On Bed uncurtain'd I my Carcass throw.
There tofs and tumble, to deluded Arms
My Dream presents the Nymph, all over Charms
Who has transfix'd my Heart, close to my Breast
O Heav'ns! th' imaginary Fair I press.

Delightful Vision, lend thy pleasing aid,
And bless my Slumbers with the lovely Maid;
Give me the form of her I most adore,
Content I'd gladly sleep, and wake no more.

F I N I S.

